JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 4. | SATURDAY, JUNE 30th, 1906. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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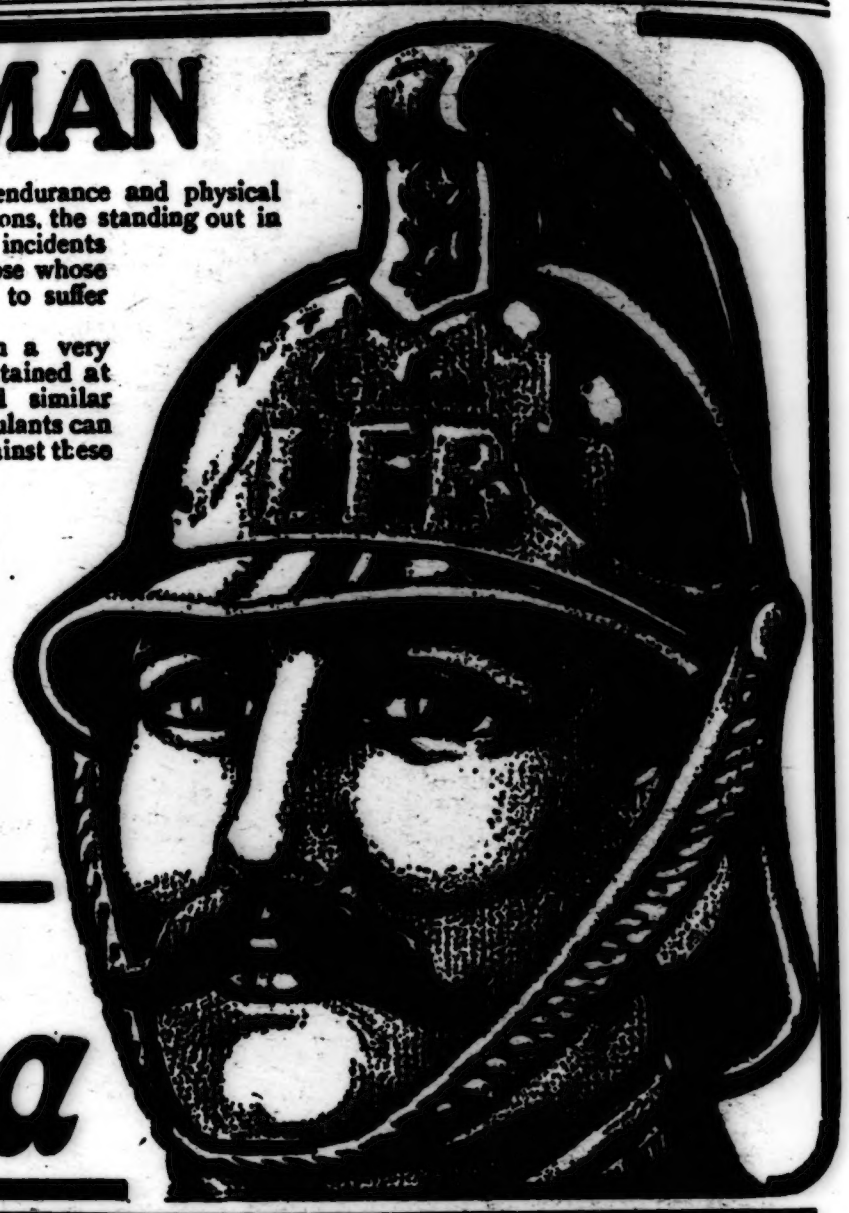
THIS FIREMAN



is one of the class of men whose active duties call for great endurance and physical strength. The long periods of duties and exposed positions, the standing out in sodden clothing, and often in damp clothes, are among the incidents that test the staying power and vitality of men, and those whose systems are not fortified by proper nourishment are bound to suffer terribly, and perhaps permanently, in the ordeal.

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No. 4. Saturday, June 30th, 1906. One Penny.

NOTICES, &c.

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All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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Commencing with this issue, we propose to award, every week, a biscuit to the person or persons who, in our opinion, have merited the honour of being made the recipients of our bounty. The piece of confectionery will be specially baked for us, and will be forwarded to the lucky winner on the day of publication of the issue containing the award.

AWARD NO. 1.

Because Bachelor's Button scored off Pretty Polly, in the Gold Cup, we have decided that this week,

MR. SOLOMON BARNATO JOEL
TAKES THE BISCUIT,

and we trust he will share it with his victorious steed.

AWARD NO. 2.

Because she is an actress and not a chorus lady,

MISS KARRI THOMAS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

A crumb of comfort might be sent to Mr. James Glover, whose evidence, given for the other side, undoubtedly won the case for her.

AWARD NO. 3.

Because she refuses to conform to man-made laws,

SUFFRAGETTE BILLINGTON
TAKES THE BISCUIT,

and we trust she will not refuse to eat it though it be "man-made." In any case she should give her dance a bite.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

Great consternation was caused in the House the other day by a question addressed to the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee. It was to no less an effect than whether he was aware that a box bearing the inscription "Armour—Chicago" had been discovered in the members' commissariat department. Imagine, then, the relief when it transpired that the only food supplied from it went to the Press gallery!

We should like to ask the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether the Servian regicides have been pensioned with an increase of pay; whether that increase was officially awarded for "very special services rendered to the Fatherland"; whether those very special services consisted in the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga; whether regicides are still occupying important posts at the Servian Court; whether the reconciliation between Great Britain and Servia was announced in the Public Press on the anniversary of the murders (June 11th); and whether a banquet was held that day in Belgrade, with the connivance of the Servian Government, to rejoice over the murders and sympathise with the retiring regicides.

We observe that a professional medium has been fined £10 under the old witchcraft laws. If everyone attending spiritualistic seances would only take the precaution of arming himself with a pocket electric light, and turning it on at the psychical moment, he would be doing a public service. No honest medium could object. We once felt the want of such an illuminant ourselves. We were sitting in the dark at a seance in the house of an eminent public man, and all sorts of wonderful things were being done under the direction of a famous medium. Suddenly (as the novelist says) we were addressed by name, and told (just like one of Herbert Vivian's "Prisoners at the Bar") to hold up our hand, in order to receive a "present." Observing that the command came from a voice exactly opposite us, we thought there could be no harm in extending

our palm behind our back. "Hold out your hand," repeated the voice from the astral plane. "We are doing so," we meekly replied. "*Over the centre of the table*", came the response—and then a horse-shoe was handed to us! Which clearly proves that either that particular spirit was short-sighted, or that it had short arms!

Mr. Burns recently quoted some startling statistics of infant mortality. Amongst other things, he told us that a hundred thousand young lives are needlessly sacrificed every year, and that the number of deaths in the first year of life is greater than of the next eighteen. Now, appalling as these facts are, has Mr. Burns ever reflected what would happen if these hundred thousand lives were *not* annually lost? We are not indulging in the complaisant cant which ascribes infantile murder and things of that sort to the omniscience of an all-wise and all-good Providence—for we would not insult God in that way—but we are just wondering what would have happened if, say, during the last fifty years these hundred thousand lives had been annually saved. Would it be an exaggeration to suggest that the population of England would to-day have been ten millions greater than it is? Ten million more bees in the hive! What a problem it all is! And how we windy politicians flitter and flutter on the fringe of it!

Surely it is a serious tactical blunder on the part of Mr. Swift McNeill, M.P., to arrange for his Grantham motion to be seconded by Sir George Kekewich—a brother of one of the very weakest Judges who ever sat upon the Bench. We say nothing about the taste of the thing.

Apropos of our recent dictum that the most popular form of Democracy is that which gives us the right to fraternise upon terms of equality with our social superiors, we have, in the course of our political career, had some severe tests. We remember that in connection with one of our contests, amongst our very staunchest supporters and principal lieutenants was a weird little man, whose goodwill we were warned it was most essential to secure. He was most assiduous in his attentions, and was invariably at our side at all important functions; and being a profound and enthusiastic politician, would seize every opportunity for a quiet chat over the general European situation. Foreign affairs were his pet theme, and there was not a telegram or a leading article of the day that he had not read. But although most loquacious upon all these matters, he was always reticent upon personal affairs. In our own mind, we put him down as one of the slaves of the Press, for his acquaintance with newspaper literature was so profound. And so whenever any difference arose between us upon any question of names or dates, or other historical detail, we immediately deferred; and in time we came to regard him as an infallible political encyclopædia. But who and what he was we never knew until one day we accidentally discovered that he was a gentleman who, for the convenience and comfort of passengers, had been placed in a position of trust at one of the large London railway stations, and was authorised to levy a toll of a penny per head for his services. Of course, he was none the less worthy for that—and may the day never come when there shall be any dearth of successors in his office. But that particular meeting *was* a little awkward, all the same, for there are occasions upon which even an Englishman has no inclination to talk politics!

And here is another little incident within our experience. We were present at a big demonstration in Hyde Park, some years ago. We forget exactly what it was that had brought us together—but there we were, in orthodox fashion, proclaiming the inviolable rights of the sovereign people and declaiming against the "classes," whose privilege and power we were impeaching to the acclamation of the horny-handed sons of toil around us. We remember that one very enthusiastic and quasi-socialistic Radical was addressing the throng. "Why should they be down-trodden? Why should they not be free? Why should kings, and queens, and princes, and huge standing armies absorb the product of their labour?" Such were the questions he was asking, receiving "throbbing bosoms for reply," when of a sudden a wild cheer rent the air; hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and a general stampede was made towards the roadway. The orator paused in amazement. What did it all mean? Had Bradlaugh, or Burns, or Labouchere arrived? Had revolution broken out, and were the infuriated mob making for Buckingham Palace? Whatever the cause, there we were, left all in a moment without an audience. *It was the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge passing on their way to Rotten Row!*

From the preliminary report upon the work of the Central (Unemployed) Body for London, it appears that out of a sum of £55,095 collected for the Queen's Fund, £10,697 was spent in "establishment charges." Now, if a director had spent a fifth of the capital of his company in this way, what a howl of indignation would have been raised!

We are always pleased to congratulate a contemporary. Hence we cannot refrain from admiring a column of brilliant epigrams in *London Opinion*, signed with the initials of its "Editor." At first sight they recalled to our mind the works of Oscar Wilde and Disraeli—they were so like what we had read in them. And, on second sight, well—we found on comparison, that they were *exactly like them!*

A correspondent sends me the following syllogism:—"'A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country.' Joseph hath honour in Birmingham. Therefore, Joseph is not a prophet.—Q. E. D."

Father Vaughan may be a second Savonarola, but his logic is not his strong point. After saying that "in giving His account of Dives, our Lord was, in fact, really describing to perfection the smart people in the smart set so much in evidence in society to-day," the preacher went on to remark that "it is well when the winning card falls into their hands, for then there is just a chance of some dressmaker or tradesman being paid something on account before becoming bankrupt." But it is not Dives who keeps tradesmen waiting.

From the *Daily Mirror* advertisement pages:—

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According to the above scale, this advertisement cost the advertiser 5s. 2d., and he wants only 4s. 6d. for the two pieces of "jewellery." Really, Lord Northcliffe!"

By the way, a reader writes, in reference to two of the advertisements recently quoted by us from the *Weekly Dispatch*, professing to offer valuables of this kind at any sacrifice, that, although purporting to come respectively from "Miss Andrews, The Gables, Ealing Dean," and "Mrs. Wilson, 63, Adelaide Road, West Ealing," the two addresses refer to one and the same house. Where are the police?

Happening to be in the office of a prominent Tariff Reformer the other day, we ventured to take a note of our surroundings. We sat on an Austrian bentwood chair; he at an American roll-top desk; his secretary (German) was working a Remington (American) typewriter. We admired our Tariff Reformer's boots, and he kindly told us they were provided by the Regal Shoe Co. of Boston, Mass. We discussed the simple life.

and he recommended to us, as a breakfast dish, grape nuts (produced at Battle Creek, Michigan, U.S.A.). He volunteered the information that he always shaved with a Gillette safety razor (manufactured in New York), and, for lather, used a Yankee soap. The telephone on his desk was made in Belgium; the pencil he wrote with came from Bavaria; his gloves from France; he smoked a Turkish cigarette, and flicked the ash into a French ash-tray. He offered us a Havana cigar, and handed us a Swedish match to light it with. And the principal subject of our conversation was whether British trade was to be rescued by means of Protection!

The recent conversation in the House of Commons respecting political pensions recalls a Return "of the names of all Pensioners under the Political Offices Pension Act, 1869," presented to the House of Commons in 1904. This Return shows that to that date fourteen pensions had been granted under the Act, the first to Mr. C. P. Villiers in 1869, the last to Lord Balfour of Burleigh, in 1903. The Villiers pension was a scandalous job. On the plea of poverty, or something like it, this typical Whig drew from the Treasury in the form of pension no less than £30,810—and died leaving considerably over £100,000 net personalty, having drawn his pension until the day of his death.

Lord Cross—the man who heard the smile, or said he did, on a memorable occasion—began drawing a pension of £2,000 a year in 1887; he has now drawn close upon £27,000. Then there is Sir Michael Hicks Beach—as he was until they made him a Viscount He first began drawing a second-class pension of £1,200 in 1888. He had only held an office of the first class two years and ten months, and as four years' service in one office of the first class is necessary for a first-class pension of £2,000, he had to be content with the £1,200. This, too, was a shameless job. According to the new Domesday Book, then recently published, he had an estate in Gloucestershire of 4,135 acres, with a gross rental of £5,485, and another in Wiltshire of 7,199 acres, with a gross rental of £4,982; whilst a few years ago he sold a portion of his Wiltshire property at a fancy price, and for an enormous sum, to the Government of which he was a member. Moreover, he has gone to the Lords, a proof of means, since the one qualification for a peerage is fortune. But he stuck to his pension till last December, when Mr. Balfour made him a Lord, and Mr. Balfour's brother got the £1,200!

Mr. Bryce told the House of Commons the other day that "there is a real movement in Ireland in favour of temperance." If by that the Chief Secretary means that Irishmen are drinking less intoxicating liquor, the Inland Revenue figures do not bear him out. Taking the last decade, and making allowance for decreasing population, the consumption of spirits in Ireland shows little change. The remarkable thing is the increase in the consumption of beer. Whilst in the ten years, 1894-5—1904-5, it fell in the United Kingdom as a whole from 20.06 gallons to 28.44 gallons per head of the population, in Ireland, notwithstanding a decrease of over a quarter of a million in population, the quantity of beer retained for consumption in 1904-5 was 3,196,381 barrels as against 2,660,828 barrels in 1894-5. So much for Sunday closing!

A question put to Mr. Morley as to the net revenue derived by the Government of India from opium recalls what used to be said by the Indian authorities when pressed to discourage the opium trade. To do so, they pleaded, would be to make India bankrupt. "The loss of the opium revenue," wrote Lord Ripon, then Governor-General, to the Secretary of State, Lord Hartington, in a dispatch dated December 19th, 1881, "would mean insolvency." "We wish to state this fact," the Governor-General went on to say, "in language which admits of no misapprehension. To abandon the opium revenue would do incalculable harm to the 256,000,000 people over whom we rule in India." Now, in the seventies the gross revenue from opium rose to £9,254,000. For the Budget estimates for the current year, says Mr. Morley, the net profits are estimated at £3,833,000. Whilst the net revenue from opium has decreased nearly half, the total expenditure of India has nearly doubled. Yet the Governor-General and his Council of 1881 could see so little ahead that they had no sort of doubt that the loss of half a dozen millions of annual revenue, expenditure remaining stationary, "would mean insolvency."

Here is a little suffragette story. It was a drawing-room meeting in connection with a Women's Liberal Association. The object was to impress upon the female sex the importance of taking an intelligent and active interest in political affairs; and after a time the hostess arose to address us. She was one who had for some years taken a prominent part in women's movements, and, being the mother of a family, she directed her observations chiefly to those whom she called "the young girls present." We do not think she meant the phrase to be taken literally, but rather as applying to the unmarried portion of the female audience. And the text upon which she preached was, that these "young girls" should not for a moment believe in the stupid nonsense which was talked by so many people, to the effect that women who take a keen interest in public questions were not calculated to make good housewives. "On the contrary," she said, "my experience is that they make the very best. They are the best mothers, the best housekeepers, and the best wives." "Hear, hear," said all the married ladies present; but the humour of the remark did not consist so much in its modesty, as in the fact that immediately over the speaker's head hung a huge cobweb, which threatened at every moment to fall and envelop the lot of us, whilst directly in front of her could be discerned upon the wall-paper the well-defined outline of the console-table of the previous tenant!

Of course, accidents like this will happen in the best regulated households—but we felt it was a pity we had met in that particular room all the same.

We do not like trespassing in this column upon our "Bull's-Eyes" department, but we cannot resist alluding to this little item in Thursday's Poplar Inquiry:—

> THE INSPECTOR: I understand that it was arranged that a plain tea should be served, but that gradually ham and jam *crept in*.

Of course we all know that Ham. It came from Chicago!

We should like to take this opportunity of saying a personal word to our readers. JOHN BULL is now a month old, and, to use a hackneyed phrase, he has "come to stay." The success of the journal has been quite phenomenal. *No other new paper* in modern times has come near it. For the wholesale agents to be ordering more of No. 2 than of No. 1, and more of No. 3 than of No. 2, and more of No. 4 than of No. 3 is, from the trade point of view, an unique record. We repeat that *no other new paper* can point to such a reception. Of course, there are many practical difficulties to be overcome, but we are now getting into our stride, and the present issue will give an idea of what we mean JOHN BULL to be. We ask all who appreciate our efforts to second them in every way they can. And there is one way in which *every friend can help us*. WILL HE GET US ONE MORE REGULAR READER?

NEXT WEEK

. . JOHN BULL . .

Will Address an Open Letter to

LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

THE GREAT CHINESE LABOUR HOAX.

HOW LORD SELBORNE FOOLED THE GOVERNMENT.

THE CHINESE PROCLAMATION EXPOSED.

There can be no doubt whatever that the country has been thoroughly fooled over this Chinese Labour business. When the Liberal Government came into office, one of the first difficulties it encountered was that of reconciling its Chinese Labour policy with the declarations of the Albert Hall speech and the battle-cries of the General Election—a task which, up to the present, it has failed in every respect to accomplish. First of all, it discovered that, as the result of some occult means of communication between the late Government and the mine owners, licences for nearly 20,000 additional coolies were rushed through in the last hours of Balfour's Administration. And it had not the courage to cancel them. Then it found that the Slavery cry had been grossly overdone—that indeed the term "Slavery" itself was a "terminological inexactitude"—and that the regulations of coolie labour were at the most "tainted by servile conditions." Ignoring a number of minor modifications—not one of which is seriously worth talking about—the only real amendment of the Ordinance was to consist in granting the coolies the right to return home—even at the public expense—rather than that any of them should be kept on the mines against their will. This appeared such a plausible way out of the difficulty that, whilst it was justly ridiculed by the Tories, it was accepted with resignation by the bulk of the Liberal party.

Our Own Warning.

We do not wish to be unduly egotistical, but it is necessary here to record that at the very outset—namely, during the debate on the Address—we foresaw practical difficulties in the way of this policy. Consequently, we suggested, at that early date, that *whatever Proclamation was issued to the labourers should be settled in England, in conjunction with the Chinese Embassy.* Of course, little notice was taken of our advice, and so months passed by until at length Mr. Churchill announced in the Commons the terms of the Notice which the *High Commissioner*—of all persons in the world—*had sent him, and which was to be translated into Chinese by the Superintendent of Native Labour, or some other mining official*, and posted in the mines. Again, a complaisant party swallowed, without a murmur, what its leaders offered—and again we ventured to intervene and ask that the original Chinese Proclamation should be brought to England for examination.

The Proclamation.

And now that the proclamation in Chinese, as posted in the mines, has reached us, what do we find?

First of all, that the wording of the English original was of such a nature that it could not be faithfully translated, and, even if translated, could not have been understood by those for whom it was intended. Hence it is to be deplored that some means were not taken by the Colonial Office to have the translation done in London, as we suggested, where, even if the letter of Proclamation had to be sacrificed to the exigencies of the translator, yet the spirit might have been preserved and emphasised for the benefit of the Chinamen labourers.

The Spirit Not Maintained.

For the spirit has not been retained, and it is no wonder therefore that the whole thing has ended in a fiasco. As read in the House of Commons, on May 3, the Proclamation, discarding the preamble, intended to give the following assurances to those Chinamen who really desired to return to their country.

1. That the Government was willing to defray part of the expenses of the voyage back, the applicant making "an honest effort by working on his mine to earn a contribution towards the expenses."

(*a*) Of labourers who had worked in the mines for more than six months.

(*b*) Upon being informed as to the motives which caused the applicant to come, and which moved him to wish to leave; the amount of wages he was earning; the class of work he was doing; and the amount of money he had saved.

Mr. Churchill's Assurances.

Mr. Churchill, in answer to questions put to him when the terms of the Proclamation had been read, said that—

> they had Lord Selborne's personal guarantee that the machinery of the offer which was now made would be carried out in a genuine and honest spirit and with every desire to give full effect to the intentions of His Majesty's Government that no man who earnestly and honestly desired to return should be prevented from doing so for lack of means.

It will be our business to test this "personal guarantee" on the part of Lord Selborne.

The Proclamation Unsigned.

First of all, is the Proclamation signed by Lord Selborne as representing His Majesty's Government? The whole document should have been got up in imposing form with the emblems of Great Britain upon it. It appears not to have been signed at all, but is issued in the name of the "Chinese Labour Administrator for South Africa," whose name, we understand, might be made to read as Kieh, Chieh, or Jamieson.

Then as to the text of this precious document:

Essential Points Obscured and Twisted.

We have been to the trouble to obtain as accurate a translation as we could get—from Professor Nishigori, late Professor at the Pekin University, and one of the few Chinese authorities in this country. This is how the essential points have been obscured or twisted:—

In one place it says that—

> The superintendent, after thorough investigation of the applicant's circumstances, will, after the Government's approval, decide the case, and if he does so favourably, he will give the whole sum of travelling expenses, according to the contract.

To this offer are added these words—

> This is an exceptional consideration for labourers, and for which you ought to be grateful.

Working this out in the form of a deadly parallel, we get this result:—

Original Proclamation as read by Mr. Churchill.	Translation of Proclamation, as posted in the Mines.
I am willing to receive any statements you who really wish to leave the Transvaal may have to make, and after a review of circumstances, to consider whether or not I would be prepared to recommend Government to be generous to you, *and not to insist on the full payment required from you by your contract.*	Those *who really wish* to *return home*, but who find themselves unable to do so on account of their insufficient possession of money, will now be allowed to send an application. The Superintendent, then, after thorough investigation of the applicant's circumstances, will, after the Government's approval, decide the case, and if he does so favourably, *he will give the whole sum of travelling expense*, ACCORDING TO THE CONTRACT.

If circumstances appear to me to warrant it, I will take note of and register the application, but the applicant will thereafter have to make an honest effort by working on his mine, to earn a contribution towards his expenses.	If the statement be considered worthy of belief, then the application will be granted; after which the applicants still would have to work in the mines, *and the money thus saved would be added to the sum of returning fares.*

Note the contradictory statements in Extract No. 1 between the original Proclamation and the translation, and those in Extracts Nos. 1 and 2 from the translation.

The obvious duty of all who desire to return to China is to save money and avail themselves of the provisions of the 14th clause in their contract of service.	Those labourers who *really* wish to return to their home ought to devote themselves to their work and save money, which is their duty, and then the returning expenses will be given according to the Article 14 in the contract.

A Desperate Device to Deceive.

Now we say, with every confidence, that the insertion of this paragraph as worded in the translation was a deliberate effort on the part of someone to make the whole thing a farce. By Clause 14 of the contract, the labourer, of his own free will, was permitted to break the terms of his indenture by paying his return passage himself, and it is therefore scandalous that in a Proclamation which pretends to facilitate the return to China of any labourer who has not the means to do so under this clause, the Superintendent should have stated—

> "Those labourers who *really* wish to return to their home ought to devote themselves to their work and save money, which is their duty, and then the returning expenses will be given according to the Article 14 in the contract.

This simply means that they must pay their own fares. The inference is, of course, that those who apply under this Proclamation for aid, do not "*really* wish to return," and as the Superintendent threatens dire punishment on those who deceive him, we can quite understand why this State-aided project has fallen flat. Added to this, we see that in a translation published in the "Manchester Guardian," those reading the Proclamation are told to "tremble and obey." A nice way of conferring benefits on ignorant labourers!

What about Lord Selborne?

The whole transaction appears to us to be as suspicious as it could possibly be. The manner in which the thing has been handled on the other side falsifies Mr. Churchill's view of the value of—

> Lord Selborne's personal guarantee that the machinery of the offer would be carried out in a genuine and honest spirit, and with every desire to give full effect to the intentions of His Majesty's Government.

We therefore ask: Has Lord Selborne fooled the Government?

Do the Coolies Understand It?

There is another aspect of the matter. Do these ignorant coolies understand the Proclamation at all? Here we have a document, which even the Secretary of the Chinese Embassy says he knows no one competent to translate, issued, in ambiguous and involved language, not under the direct seal of the Imperial Government, but by probably the most feared man on the mines, the Superintendent of Native Labour. The wretched coolies are warned of the consequences of any deception, and are told that if they apply for repatriation they will be subjected to the most rigorous form of espionage for a long period before they are allowed to leave.

The Coolies Intimidated.

Here is what the Superintendent of Labour says (although the version read in the Commons by Mr. Churchill is silent on the point). He

> will also visit each mine, and after carefully making enquiries into the application, will again investigate so as to decide whether the statements agree with the circumstances, and will then give a decision.

And if the decision be unfavourable, the coolie is to continue at the mine, a dissatisfied servant, whose hopes have been raised only to be shattered to the ground, and whose employer will place a black mark against his name and take it out of his hide at the first opportunity.

We *are* a nation of humbugs!

The Government's Dilemma.

What is the Government going to do? At last it has occurred to them to try and get the original Proclamation translated—but they cannot yet say by whom! Much depends upon that. If a true version is obtained from an independent and competent Chinese *and English* scholar, then there will be but one course open to Ministers. *They must recall Lord Selborne* (who, in all the special circumstances, ought never to have been permitted to remain), and they must then *cancel every licence now in force*, whatever financial sacrifice may be involved; OR, they must openly and frankly admit that they and the country have been fooled over the whole business, and leave the mine-owners to manage their own affairs, subject to such restrictions as the Legislature of the Colony, when established, may impose. We don't want any more Proclamations—the country is sick and tired of the whole thing.

"ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLING!"

THE OFFICIAL ATTITUDE.

"We left it all to Lord Selborne."

"WE WILL HAVE IT TRANSLATED."

PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

By Herbert Vivian.

III.—MR. CROOKS, M.P.

William Crooks, you that are the prisoner at the bar, hold up your hand. After an impartial trial by a jury of your fellow-countrymen, you have been found guilty of cruelty to rate-payers. In this I regretfully concur.

I may say at the outset that I wish to deal leniently with you, for I have watched your career with pleasure and interest. I have satisfied myself that you possess a great heart, overflowing with sympathy for the cause of the poor. You also enjoy a sense of humour, rare among your countrymen, and almost unknown among your partisans. I will even go so far as to admit that you are chivalrous, conscientious, honourable, and generous.

But it is a maxim at law that virtues carried to an extreme become vices. Your chivalry has been extended to quixotism, your conscience to jesuitry, your honour to foolishness. And as your private liberalities have left you a poor man, you have been tempted to stretch your generosity until it was allowed to disburse the possessions of others. You have erred, not from want of heart, but from shortcomings of head. In an humbler individual this transgression might have been overlooked. But you are a stormy petrel of politics, you fight like a Trojan, you tilt and slash and give no quarter. Rightly enough, therefore, you expect none. Accordingly you will probably receive more consideration than you deserve, certainly more than you would give to yourself if you were judge as well as prisoner.

The Court entirely shares your regard for the poor. Every philanthropist would welcome the extirpation of human suffering, the presence of a fowl in every pot. You were brought up in Poplar workhouse, where the iron entered into your soul, and it was in every way laudable that you should make it your life's aspiration to remedy a disgrace to civilisation. By your own unaided efforts, in the face of jealousy and persecution, and all those forms of repression which are used against loyal ambitions, you rose to positions of trust, almost to celebrity. I sympathise very sincerely with you in that your courage and genius were not entirely crowned with common-sense.

The Initial Mistake.

Alas! the Court can only judge by results, and the results of your efforts are that the spirit of the poor-laws has been hopelessly abused. Your initial mistake was that, in your patriotic pride, you elected to experiment on Poplar. Had you begun with the Union of some rich district, say that of St. George's in Hanover Square, and been content to plunder the very rich in the interests of the very poor, you would have met with less opposition. At any rate, you would have had no difficulty in crushing criticism. At the worst you would have been hailed as Robin Hood, the open-handed freebooter, who was always ready to find fat purses for lean persons. Instead of this, you selected a locality where nearly every one was on the verge of penury. Frankly confronting possible rates of twenty shillings in the pound, zealously protesting that none should go hungry in your parish, you created a pauper's paradise. But it came to pass that the few industries of the place were chased away by the oppression of local taxes, taking with them sorely needed opportunities of employment; that the smaller householders were driven out of house and home because you had imposed a burden greater than they could bear; that strugglers, hitherto self-supporting, had to resign their self-respect and seek parochial relief. You are therefore guilty, not only of cruelty to ratepayers, but of murdering independence, assaulting credit, debauching local government, and obstructing the very reforms which you most desired to bring about.

Like Moses.

Like that mistaken man, Moses, you have by your efforts at emancipation only added to the tasks of the slaves. You told the Court that you hoped to be remembered as the man who fed the poor too well. If you were a Lord Bountiful, that would be a soft impeachment. But when the poor are fed too well at the expense of those who can ill afford to feed themselves, it is not surprising that you should be brought to the dock. And when your large heart refuses to consider details, when your vicarious generosity percolates to Bumble and an ex-convict and other philanthropists; when the rate-payers' beer leaks into guardians' gullets to the extent of ten per cent.; when it is not merely a question of the pauper's plum-pudding, but of Mrs. Guardian's tea, and Mr. Chaplain's lemonade, and, who knows, Master Inspector's cigars and champagne, it is time that the Right Honourable John Burns should cry, "Halt, enough!"

Your career has suffered a check, which I regret. Should you ever be re-elected to Parliament, you will be remembered as the man who bled the ratepayers too ill, and I fear that your sphere of usefulness is closed. I will recall, in extenuation, that you have been led away by bad companions. You ought never to have accepted that annual £200 which the Labour Representation Committee lavished upon the half-baked statesmen who toed their line. You ought to have relied on yourself, like my old friend Bradlaugh, who satisfied his small needs by brilliant lectures. You have brains; you need never starve; if you were a rogue, I am sure you could become very rich. I am not my brother Grantham, or I could shed tears over you, for I consider you a very fine fellow, and I know you are capable of much greater things.

Sentence.

With all reluctance I do my duty and pass sentence upon you. It is your first offence, so that I am justified in leniency. The Court, then, doth award that henceforth, if you must feed the poor, you shall do so only out of your own pocket—failing which you are to be taken hence to the place whence you came, and there hanged upon a Poplar tree, till the branch breaks.

"The Body is largely what the Food makes it."

Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa.

contains the elements most valuable in nourishing the very young; the growing youth or girl; the athletic pursuant; the business man or woman; in fact, it is a typical food for all ages.

Manufactured by the

OLDEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE.

ESTABLISHED 1728.

"I have never tasted cocoa that I like so well."—SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

"The Most Perfect Form of Cocoa."—GUY'S HOSPITAL GAZETTE.

"My Ideal of Perfection."—DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

A Third Court of Appeal.

The cry of the judges and the Bar that more judges are wanted is not likely to be listened to favourably by the present House of Commons. It may be that it would be well to create a third Court of Appeal, since the present two courts could not get rid of arrears even if the sittings were never interrupted by illness and other causes. It is true that two years ago the President of the Second Court decided that the Court should only sit on alternate Saturdays, and that the judges of both courts show something like a puerile anxiety to rise the moment hand of the clock touches the figure IV. But even if both courts sat on all Saturdays in the sittings, as the law requires them to do, and their members were equal to an extra half-hour upon occasion, they could not get rid of arrears, and Parliament might well consider whether it is not worth an annual expenditure of an additional £15,000 to ensure prompt hearing of appeals. But when we come to the question of more judges for the courts of first instance the position is quite different. Before any such increase in the judiciary is sanctioned Parliament should be satisfied that if the present judges put in their fair share of work, and judicial business was arranged on common-sense lines, it would still be impossible for the courts to get abreast of their work. Anyway, there should be this re-arrangement, if it can be shown to be necessary, before the taxpayers are burdened with the cost of more judges, and Parliament should be satisfied that malingering has nothing to do with the accumulation of arrears.

Judges and their Work.

For sixteen weeks and four days of the fifty-two weeks of the year the judges are at play. Before additional judges are appointed this exceptional holiday should be shortened. In his "Life in the Law" the late Mr. Witt suggests that "thirteen weeks out of fifty-two might fairly be regarded as holiday enough." Most people will agree. Other professional men think themselves lucky if they can get half of thirteen weeks, and it is more than enough for judges who will not sit five minutes after four o'clock, although by doing so they might finish a case and save suitors great expense. To give them their due, the judges of fifty years ago were not so niggardly of the time they gave to the public service. Sir John Hollams tells us in his jottings that the Courts at Guildhall sat at half-past nine in the morning, and frequently until late in the evening. Sir J. Hollams says that he has frequently been at Court until 10 or 11 o'clock at night. It may be that this excessive zeal to save time and finish the list did not always conduce to the satisfactory administration of justice, but the feeling that moved the judges of those days to get through their work was in pleasant contrast to the practice of their successors. However, we have to take the judges as they are; and since Parliament does not require them to sit more than 25 hours a week, it is useless to expect them to sit more. Until Parliament intervenes the majority of the judges will be as liberal, too, in their interpretation of the rest from work necessary when they are not very well as they are niggardly in the time they give to the public when actually at work. But the readjustment of judicial business is another matter.

The Circuit System.

Take the Circuit system. Can anything be more absurd? the original idea seems to have been that each geographical county had equal rights and should have the same facilities. Thus, two judges of the Common Law Courts went twice a year to each county. Huntingdonshire, Rutland, and Westmorland had the same provision as Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Warwickshire. Something perhaps might have been said for the system a hundred years ago, but times have changed since then. The jurisdiction of the County Courts has been much enlarged, and if the public interest were consulted would be enlarged to a much greater extent. As to Assizes, it is easier nowadays to come to London from Newcastle than it used to be from places now almost within the range of Greater London. Litigants naturally prefer London for the trial of causes to a small assize town, where it often happens that if one case has taken longer than was anticipated others are unduly hurried, or postponed. But the Circuit system continues unchanged. Parliament takes little interest in such matters, although they touch the convenience and pocket of everyone who is a party to a lawsuit. And so judges continue to waste their own and the public time by travelling about the country in search of judicial work they cannot find, and when they get back to London join in the cry that if arrears are to be lessened, or prevented from growing, more judges must be appointed. What the Circuit system means in relation to the waste of judicial strength may be gathered from Lord Russell of Killowen's description—to be found in O'Brien's "Life of Lord Russell," pp. 375-6—of the last circuit he went:

July 5, 1900.—The Chief Justice left London for the North Wales Circuit.
July 6.—The commission was opened at Newton. There was no business of any kind, and the judge received a pair of white gloves.
July 7.—Sunday.
July 8.—No court.
July 9.—At Dolgelly there was no business, and the judge was presented with a pair of white gloves.
July 10.—No court.
July 11 and 12.—Sat in court at Carnarvon.
July 13 and 14.—No court.
July 15.—Sunday.
July 16.—At Beaumaris—no business—judge had white gloves.
July 17.—No court.
July 18.—Sat in court at Ruthven for four hours and three quarters.
July 19.—Sat in court for five hours.
July 20.—No court.
July 21.—Sat in court at Rhyl for about three hours.
July 22.—Sunday.
July 23.—No court.
July 24.—Sat in court at Chester.
July 25.—Sat in court until one o'clock, and returned to London.

And yet in face of such a record as this—the judges being helpless, since so long as assizes are held at insignificant towns judges must go to them—Parliament is told by lawyers of all degrees that more judges must be appointed if the work of the courts is to be got through without undue delay!

Appeal Arrears.

Reference is made above to the arrears in the Court of Appeal. The "Law Journal" says that no fewer than 337 appeals now stand for hearing—an increase of 124 upon the number a year ago. Here are the figures for ten years:—

1897	101	1902	395
1898	234	1903	300
1899	304	1904	242
1900	295	1905	213
1901	388	1906	337

The Common Law side of the Courts has never been in a worse condition. Twenty final appeals from the King's Bench Division have stood for hearing over a year. And yet it is the President of this Court who is to be taken away next month to preside over a Royal Commission on church affairs!

Some Yarns.

There are some capital stories in that very amusing book, "Life in the Law," by the late Mr. Witt, K.C., a book that should have many readers. Here is one. Sir William Wightman held office in the old Court of Queen's Bench far beyond the prescribed time, and at last, on the eve of the Long Vacation, he took a sort of farewell of his brother-judges. However, when "the morrow of All Souls" came round, he turned up smiling at Westminster Hall. "Why, brother Wightman," said Sir Alexander Cockburn, "you told us that you intended to send in your resignation to the Lord Chancellor before the end of August." "So I did," said Sir William, "but when I went home and told my wife, she said, 'Why, William, what on earth do you think that we can do with you messing about the house all day?' So you see I was obliged to come down to Court again."

And here is another of Baron Bramwell, who said his best things when sitting in the Court of Appeal and hearing arguments on abstract points of equity. For example: "I do not know whether I have grasped the points of equity correctly in this matter, but if I have they seem to me like many other good doctrines of Courts of Equity, the result of a disregard of general principles and general rules in order to do justice more or less fanciful in certain particular cases"; or this: "I agree that it is not necessary to reserve judgment in this matter, for I have listened attentively for two days to the learned and lucid arguments of the very eminent Counsel without, unfortunately, being able to understand any of them, and I have just listened to most profound and luminous judgments of my learned brethren with still greater attention, but, I regret to say, with no better result. I am, therefore, of the same opinion as they are, and for the same reasons."

MATRIMONY UP-TO-DATE.

STRANGE STORY OF A MODERN IDYLL.

By Theodore Dahle.

Miss Letitia Cruden, who was thirty-eight, but did her hair like sixteen, knocked timidly at the door of the "Matrimonial Market Courier."

"No need of timidity, madame, no need for timidity," cried the Editor, opening the door in person. His coat was off, his shirt sleeves were rolled up, and he was distinguished by his business-like hair. "My clients are exceedingly numerous, and everything is in strictest confidence. Pray sit down on the divan. The walls and floors are of the best four-inch Bessemer steel, fireproof, dust-proof, and guaranteed without crack or flaw!"

"I am glad of that," faltered the lady. "The—the fact is, I—I——"

The Editor marked the painful pause, but was not embarrassed.

"The fact is," continued Miss Cruden, "I want to be—to be——"

"Married, madame! Certainly—nothing easier. Thousands of ladies get married and think nothing of it. Last week I had the pleasure of arranging a marriage between a lady worth half a million and a gentleman who owned a complete suite of furniture. Have you in mind any particular kind of man?"

"Well, of course I——"

"Exactly, madame. You shall be accommodated. Do you wish to marry for money, or are you yearning for love?"

"Not for money, certainly," responded Miss Cruden, with the ghost of a smile at her drooping mouth "I have more money than——"

"Then you may feel relieved," said the Editor promptly. "I presume you are looking for someone who will be kind to dumb animals?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," exclaimed Miss Cruden. "How well you understand me."

"My business, madame. Knew it at first sight. 'Madame,' I said. Excuse me—Miss, no doubt?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. You retain a youthfulness of appearance and a charm of manner which would soften the stoniest heart. You have brought the advertisement with you? Ah, yes. I see. Thanks. Excellent—most excellent. Marked by real literary distinction. '*Maiden Lady, with income of £1,000 a year, thirty-eight, but looks younger, is anxious to meet with a suitable gentleman with a view to early marriage. Must be fond of cats, of which the advertiser has several.*' I have rarely perused a more succinct literary achievement. One pound a word, miss; £10 on introduction; and £50 on marriage. Cheapest line in the market."

"Most reasonable," said Miss Cruden, for want of courage to say that she thought the charge unreasonably high.

"As you put it," commented the editor, briskly. "There will be a few extras, but nothing to speak of—nothing to speak of. Husbands are a little scarcer than they used to be on account of the Income Tax, the rise in rates, and the rather high price of provisions, but I do not doubt you will soon be suited."

"I am sure I hope so," said the lady, commencing to write out a cheque; and having accomplished this essential she departed.

A few days later the Editor wrote to inform her that in reply to the advertisement he had received 997 applications, that he had, however, reduced the applications to six, and had arranged for her to have interviews with the applicants at 2 o'clock that day.

At five minutes to two Miss Cruden therefore presented herself at the office of the "Matrimonial Market Courier," attired in a new costume and a large matinée hat with feathers.

"Please step into the introduction room," greeted the editor effusively. "There is absolutely no waiting. This way, please."

The next moment Miss Cruden found herself in a small, shabbily-furnished room, and she had hardly seated herself when a tall, thin gentleman with a military moustache advanced towards her.

"Good afternoon, dearest Madame," he greeted with an expansive smile and a low bow. "A pleasant day—a most pleasant day, is it not?"

"Yes, indeed," murmured Miss Cruden, with a shy glance at her visitor. "The weather is delightful. Quite like summer, as you might say."

"I have called, madame, in response to your tenderly-worded advertisement," continued the gentleman. "My name is Jones—Algernon Ashville Aldersley Jones. I wish to offer you my hand and heart, and I have brought my lovely Persian cat with me."

From the deepest recesses of a black pocket Jones produced the elegant feline, and placed it on Miss Cruden's lap.

"Oh, what a darling," she cried, fondling it.

"Five minutes more," called the editor through the speaking tube.

"Yes, madame," replied Jones, with his most seraphic smile. "I love the dear creature like my life. It saved me from a watery grave."

"Dear me, how fortunate," ventured Miss Cruden in her most sympathetic tones.

"When I was in Persia, madame," continued Jones with appropriate emotion—"but perhaps you will permit me to seat myself by your side? Thank you. When I was in Persia, madame——"

"Two minutes more, Jones," called the business-like editor through the speaking tube.

"But one has so little time to explain, madame, and I have already paid a five shilling fee."

"You may call back to say I prefer an extra ten minutes, if you please," responded Miss Cruden, shyly.

"Yes, madame," assented Jones, "with the greatest pleasure. To spoil so delightful a taty-tate——"

"Time's up, Jones," cried the editorial voice through the speaking tube. In reply Jones delivered the lady's message.

"The fee is a shilling a minute after the first ten minutes," returned the answering voice. "There are others waiting. I have had to lock the doors and barricade the stairs."

"I will pay," responded Miss Cruden, fondling the Persian.

"Thank you, madame," answered Jones. "Have a Russian kitten"; and from another pocket he produced that animal and laid it on Miss Cruden's lap with the other. "As I was about to observe," he continued as he resumed his seat beside the lady, "when I was in Persia——"

At this point Jones broke off abruptly, put his hand in an inner pocket, and produced a Manx cat, which he placed silently with the Russian and the Persian.

"When I was in Persia, madame," he resumed, "I was shipwrecked, and for five days and five nights that cat supported me through all my afflictions. Not a straw, not a cork, not even a piece of driftwood was in sight, and I held on to that cat, suffering the keenest pangs of hunger till we drifted upon a rocky coast, where the inhabitants gave us food—food and drink. I shall never forget that terrible time, madame, nor the self-sacrifice of that noble feline, if I live to be a hundred."

Tears rolled down Jones's eyes, and he reached out blindly for Miss Cruden's hand, which he pressed with fervour.

"You have touched my heart deeply," murmured Miss Cruden, "indeed you have, and if——"

"Second ten minutes up," cried the Editor through the tube.

"Madame," cried Jones in distress, "have pity on me. I have forgotten my purse."

Miss Cruden went to the tube. "I will buy another ten minutes," she shouted, in annoyance, "and you can send all the others away. It is most unseemly."

"Yes, madame," returned the Editor, with an unheard chuckle.

Miss Cruden resumed her seat near Jones, and allowed her hand to drop at the side nearest to him. Again he took it in his, and, nothing venture nothing have, raised it to his lips.

"Ah, dear lady," he cried. "How exquisite it is to kiss that dear hand. I can make you happy. I will either marry you or sell you the cats, but I prefer to marry you, that our loving hearts may beat as one."

"You will love me always?" sighed Miss Cruden, venturing to raise her liquid eyes to his.

"Yes, dearest madame, always," he said.

"And you will always love my cats and all the kittens?" she questioned in trembling tones.

"Yes, my precious one, as if they were my own," he responded, folding her in his arms. "*I am—in the trade.*"

THE WOMAN IN THE STREET.

By a Man of the World.

The same wrong-headedness which refuses to recognise that betting and gambling are necessary evils and had better be legislated *for*, and thus regulated on a basis that will bring about the least baneful results, declines to admit that the traffic in women will continue until the day of judgment, and that, as it cannot be ended, it might, with advantage, be mended. It took years of agitation before the sale of liquor was recognised as an evil which no amount of legislation could suppress; it will take years before gambling is placed in the same category, and it will, I fear, be longer still before we recognise that street-walking will endure so long as men are men and women are women.

Our awakening to the fact that people will drink, no matter what the law said to the contrary, resulted in the sale of liquor being licensed under restrictions which made only for the good of the country, and the same result was achieved by licensing money-lenders.

They Manage it Better Abroad.

On the Continent the existence of a traffic in women is recognised and legislated for. Licenses are issued to these unfortunates; their establishments and their health are subject to police and medical supervision, and any infraction of the rules which the medical and civil officers of the State have drawn up for regulating their lives involves the endorsement or forfeiture of the license and punishment of the licensee. What has been the result? As Mr. G. R. Sims recently pointed out in the *Daily Telegraph*, Great Britain—the refuge of the Anarchist—has become the dumping-ground for foreign women and souteneurs who do not wish to conform to the wholesome laws which regulate their trade in their own countries. If this class of person refuses to obey the simple wholesome and necessary rules laid down abroad for the benefit of the community upon which they trade, can it be argued that they are a desirable acquisition for this country? Apparently so, for they are not refused admittance, and are permitted to carry on their trade when, how, where, and with whom they please. They may render it impossible for respectable women to pass down our most prominent thoroughfares at certain hours; they may bar people from the enjoyment of promenades at our best music-halls; they may flaunt themselves every and anywhere, and so long as they do not speak to men, unless spoken to—and if the nearest policeman be "friendly," they may even accost passers-by without molestation—no one will interfere with them.

We are Christian Scientists.

Unfortunately, we are skilled in the art of humbugging ourselves. In October, 1900, Lord Roberts declared the Boer War was over, for he wished it to be so. It lasted another two years. We call the Natal trouble a "rising" on the part of a few Zulus, whereas in our heart of hearts we know it is as serious a war as White man in that part of the world has ever waged against Black. We legalise betting-rings on racecourses, but declare with hands upon hearts that, thank God, we only do this to encourage the breed of horses and really don't allow gambling in this country; we forbid a chemist to sell poisons, but anyone can effect the happy despatch by licking the colour off seven of our threepenny stamps; we compel bakers to weigh their bread before selling it; but our grocers are allowed to weigh their tea in thick brown paper; we close our theatres on Sundays—because actors shall not work seven days a week—but allow the members of the orchestra who perform on all week-days to play at "sacred concerts" on the seventh. We—but why continue the list of absurdities which we perpetrate, day in and day out, and which make us the laughing-stock of the world, and cause us to be regarded as permeated by "unctuous rectitude" of a most rabid order?

And in the art of self-deception we stand supreme. We permit loose women to carry on their trade free from restriction or supervision, for we refuse to recognise the existence of anything we do not wish to see. In many ways we have adopted the principles which enable Christian Scientists to declare that the leg which the surgeon has just amputated has really not been severed from the body at all.

With the Habits of the Ostrich.

It is against that evidence that we refuse to recognise the existence—the necessary existence—of a state of things which loudly calls for recognition at the hands of our legislative and municipal authorities. It is impossible to regulate a trade which the law refuses to recognise. It is not by emulating the tactics of the ostrich that we shall ever escape danger; and it is not too much to say that women of the unfortunate class whose trade remains uncontrolled by law and order constitute a serious menace to the country, physically and morally. Let us therefore clear our minds of cant, and, instead of appointing Royal Commissions to investigate the methods of the police towards this class of undesirables, appoint a Committee to draw up a law regulating their trade by license—on the models furnished to us by our Continental neighbours.

TRIAL BY RUMOUR.

By "Advocatus Diaboli."

It was whispered in the clubs and has now been stated openly in the press, that the studio murderer was allowed to escape to the Colonies after confessing his crime and making a statement as to provocation. This may or may not be true; it may or may not meet the justice of the case; but it is, at any rate, an entirely new form of judicial procedure. I hope it may not be the thin end of the wedge, or establish a precedent.

Hitherto, publicity has been regarded as the chief safeguard of justice. If a man committed a crime, and was able to allege extenuating circumstances, he was at least expected to state them to a jury and leave the decision in their hands. Any attempt to hush up a charge was condemned by public opinion. Even if there were unsavoury facts in a case, and their publication might have an evil effect, it was not deemed excusable to spirit away a homicide, whatever his justification.

At present we can only go by rumour. The slayer of Mr. Wakley is said to have made a credible statement. But suppose his treatment were taken as a precedent, we might find others claiming to avoid trial for reasons of policy. In his case the authorities shirk publicity, lest it should shock the unsophisticated. In other cases, publicity might be deemed dangerous to the reputation of a great personage, or to international relations, or even to the future of a political party. Should we then agree to draw a veil?

A favourite contention seems to be that, because Mr. Wakley's habits and behaviour are believed to have been abominable, or, as the phrase goes, "not even to be named among Christians," therefore his slaughter and mutilation must not even be made the subject of enquiry. No doubt many would make the same contention about an Anarchist. Others might make it about a Socialist or a capitalist, or a sweater, or a Roman Catholic, or a desecrator of the sabbath, or any other object of dislike.

I beg to ask the Home Secretary to tell me precisely what has happened, for I fear lest a dangerous precedent may have been established.

BUSINESS MANAGER

Who recently re-organised a well-known Company, doubled the trade at home and abroad, opened some thousands of new accounts, and reduced manufacturing and other costs, desires Work. Has thoroughly sound administrative ability, tact and energy, with unique advertising schemes and up-to-date ideas. Or would introduce a Food Business to Capitalist or Syndicate finding £30,000 on which a net profit of £10,000 per annum can be realised. Remuneration payable on a percentage of actual sales. Highest references.—Address "Rex," Box 1892, Willings, 125, Strand, London, W.C.

YELLOW *versus* WHITE.

By Algernon Rose.

When the German Emperor, some years ago, spoke prophetically as the head of the militarianism in Europe, concerning the Yellow Peril, journalists waxed humorous at his talk. Not long since, books appeared about the "Break-up of China." These were far more to the public taste. When Sir Robert Hart, the chief of the Chinese Imperial Customs, was questioned on the matter, his reply was, "What does the Bible say? It sets forth that if we honour our parents our days shall be long in the land; and as the Chinese have always honoured their parents, the probability of their land being taken from them was remote." The difference between the barbarians in the East and the Christians in the West is that the Chinese have been Christians by practice and the Christians barbarians, because, while the Chinese have devoted all their mental energies to cultivation of the peaceful arts, and have looked down upon the soldier as not far removed from a murderer, Europeans, who have preached peace, have given ecclesiastical blessing and encouragement to fighting men, and so, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, have not only been in a state of constant warfare for centuries, but have regarded with contempt the peaceful followers of Confucius. Failing to understand the ideas of the Celestial, or appreciate his enormous dormant strength, one European Power after another has taken advantage of his defencelessness. And the greatest buccaneer in modern times in the Flowery Land has been Germany—Lutheran Germany; and the Kaiser's conscience is uneasy. His theft, or lease—call it what one will—in Shan-tung, has stirred up fierce resentment. As a nation, China is infinitely greater than Japan, and the men are as giants compared with the little Japanese. The fact that the latter have been successful against the Russian colossus has much impressed the followers of Confucius, who know that their power is greater than that of Japan. The immediate result has been the investigation of European methods. For thousands of years the Chinese have had no newspapers. They have them to-day. The one object of these papers, which are written in the plainest language, is to call on young China to stand up for the rights of China's millions, and prove that the scorn that they feel for the weak white race is justified. Everywhere schools are formed for military instruction on European lines. Preparations, once begun, will go on quietly and unceasingly to make China unconquerable both by land and sea. Nothing will stop the yellow man when he once makes up his mind. He scorns the idea of death; he glories in it. The objective of all this getting ready is to pay back, with compound interest, the insults China has received during many years from so-called Christian countries. Considering that it is estimated that one-third of the population of the world is contained in China, and that there are seven men to one woman, that the yellow race is equally at home in torrid or arctic regions, and that, when well led, nothing will stop it, a generation hence may witness the most terrible cataclysm of humanity yet known.

THE RIDGEWAY SCANDAL.

In our last issue we stated, under the heading, "The Ridgeway Scandal," that the Lieutenant-Governor of Ceylon is "a considerable shareholder" in the Ceylon Company of Pearl Fisheries, Limited, and this statement was prefaced by the remark that the Lieutenant-Governor "was a strong, and even vehement, supporter of the scheme, and would have let the syndicate have the concession for its original offer of £10,000." As a matter of fact, although Sir Alexander Ashmore would not, we are sure, deny that he was a strong supporter of the scheme, he had, and has, no pecuniary interest whatever in the company, and we deeply regret that the writer of the paragraph should have stated the contrary—a statement now unreservedly withdrawn.

A WOMAN'S WORD TO WOMEN.

By Joan Stanton.

Before proceeding to the waving of flags through the grille and the boarding of the Prime Minister in his den, I could wish that my sister-women—the equivalent to fellow-men, I believe—had paused and reflected.

It seems to the unprejudiced observer that the higher education of the day is, for the most part, wasted, if we are to accept Herbert Spencer's definition that "the aim of education should be to teach us how to do *what* we ought, *when* we ought, and whether we like it or not." Is the education of the average woman doing this?

Has not our revolt from being mere domestic drudges, maternity machines, and playthings for men carried us too far in the other direction?

Every woman is a potential mother, and on women must rest the burden of continuing the race, and more than that. From the ethical, the practical, and the patriotic points of view, a woman's first duty is to the children.

Alas! The woman of to-day is an individualist. She seeks knowledge for her own aggrandisement, and while our girls are taking out their college courses and thinking of careers, the questions of physical degeneracy and the increase of immorality and the ever-widening gulf between the classes are becoming more and more urgent.

While the men are discussing the evil, the women might be doing much to cope with it. So far, I have little hesitation in saying that two-thirds of the middle-class women of to-day are absolutely wasting their opportunities, and might just as well have spent their youth in working samplers and concocting recipes in still-rooms. The women doctors and a few—very few—women who are working in the scholastic world, or have taken up inspectorships and similar occupations, are doing valuable work that men could not undertake by reason of the limitations peculiar to their sex. The rest are either usurping positions that might be filled by men, lowering the standard of wages, and rendering it still more difficult for bachelors to undertake the responsibility of a wife; or else, their so-called education finished, they find it has only made them restless and dissatisfied with their environment, instead of rendering their minds kingdoms in which to take refuge when mundane things go wrong.

There is, of course, a large class of women who are forced to earn their livings—typists, clerks, secretaries, and so on. Such girls usually marry, and, in spite of a belief to the contrary, make splendid wives and mothers.

It is the better-class woman, who has no absolute need to work, who has, perhaps, passed through college, or specialised in one or two branches of study, with no very definite reason beyond a wish to be in the forward movement, against whom I bring this indictment of selfishness, laziness, and want of true patriotism. It is these women who talk so much of woman's sphere of usefulness, women's rights, and women's wrongs, but who seem to have no idea at all of setting to work and justifying their existence.

Yet there is so much work in the world for them to do, work that no one else can do half so well. Think, for instance, of the improvement in the manners, morals, and mentality of the children of the poor if all the teachers in our county schools were recruited from women of refinement, understanding, and wide knowledge instead of from the same class as the pupils. I heard a suggestive little anecdote the other day from a county school teacher, who happens to be a lady. She was hurrying along to school, and caught up a group of children stretching right across the pavement. "Why don't you move and let the lady pass?" said one of the elders, and then, as she went on her way, she heard another child say: "That ain't a lady. She's a teacher." As long as teaching is regarded solely as a means of earning a livelihood the children of our poor will receive schooling in place of education.

Then, too, how infant mortality would decrease if a score of educated women in every town would volunteer for work that every municipality would like to undertake if funds were forthcoming—the education of mothers. The issue of leaflets, the holding of plain, homely talks to prospective and newly-made mothers, the offer of counsel and help, might be undertaken by some of the women who are idle to-day.

Every parish might have its crêche for babies under school age whose mothers have to go to work, if the middle-class woman would only volunteer for a day's duty once a week or fortnight. A building and a matron would then be all the municipal authorities would need to provide.

Let us, for a time, cease our strife over the suffrage question, leave academic theories severely alone, and start a crusade against ignorance, dirt, and class war; our motto *pro patria* and our aim the rescue of the children, by direct intervention instead of futile legislation.

"ALL OUT, ALL OUT!"

By a Park Lounger.

In the afternoon of Monday, June 4, a sunny Bank Holiday, I wandered through Regent's Park, and was delighted with the beauty of the landscape, and the charm of the trees and water and flowers, and the green fields crowded with people. On this side was a space specially set aside for cricket, and match after match was being played, with a little fringe of black-coated spectators marking off each particular game. Here on the grass, underneath the trees, families were enjoying themselves, the father smoking, the tired, wan-looking mother taking care of the children, who were sitting on the grass or playing about with a ball—everywhere young laughter and restful happiness.

But I could not help wondering at the colossal number of sheep in the north part of the Park; there must have been quite a thousand of them, great fields given over to them, wholly, and made foul by them. I asked myself in astonishment who was responsible for this. The parks cost some thousands a year to maintain. Surely the profit to be got from feeding a thousand sheep is not to be counted in the defilement of the ground, the only playground of thousands of London children!

Everyone knows how the London County Council, when it took over Victoria Park and the rest, banished the sheep. But why on earth should sheep be allowed in the Royal Parks, which are under a ranger who is directly responsible to his Majesty the King? I, for one, am perfectly sure that if this matter were put before the King he would at once prefer London children to these grimy and unhealthy animals.

But the King knows nothing about the sheep, and probably the Ranger knows just as little and troubles himself still less. One may be sure that it is some underling, who is content to defile the children's playground so long as he pockets a dishonest perquisite. But perhaps, now that JOHN BULL has taken the matter up, the Royal Parks will try to equal the County Council Parks in good management and respect for sanitary laws. But there is another and an important point to which I wish to draw attention.

About eight o'clock the cricketers ceased playing and commenced to collect their bats and stumps, the wan-looking mothers gathered their children together, and made towards the gate. The park was to be shut, I found, at a quarter to nine, and all these poor people who were enjoying themselves were to be hounded into the streets, or rather the public-houses. A gigantic custodian stood at each of the gates shouting "All out, all out," as if the human beings he was addressing were dogs, and nervously, quietly, they pressed in a steady stream through the gates and out into the streets.

Now, where are these people to go? Plainly the woman takes her children to the home, and just as plainly the man, in nine cases out of ten, must go to the public-house, the only place of amusement that stands open to him, and free. But why should Regent's Park be closed at quarter to nine on a summer's evening, when Hyde Park is open till twelve at night? Why should the workmen, who need the Park, be driven out of it to the public-houses, whereas the rich man, who does not need the Park, may stay till midnight?

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This week marks your last-chance to get one of the 124-page books which "Lloyd's News" is sending gratis and post free. The book is as big as a 6d. magazine, and you should refer now to the announcement on page 91 to decide whether you wish a copy.

"DAVY STEPHENS"—OUR FIRST VISITOR.

Oh! dream of joy! Is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

With some such eagerness the Irishman, exiled to the British Parliament or elsewhere, scans the vista as he steams into Dublin Bay. His landmarks are the Hill of Howth and "Davy Stephens." Both are established institutions of the country; the latter is the well-known newsvendor who, rain or shine, meets the Irish mail-boat with his stock of papers, just as cheerily and buoyantly now as he did forty years ago, when Queen Victoria graciously accepted a paper from him and decorated him with the medal he proudly wears upon his breast. Mr. Stephens has been selling papers to passengers arriving and leaving by the mail-boats

at Kingstown for fifty-five years, and his circle of acquaintances amongst crowned heads and other interesting voyagers has so increased that it demands another book of "reminiscences"—for Davy has already published an autobiographical treatise, which is quite a literary joy. Faultlessly attired in silk hat, frock coat, and patent leather boots, Mr. Stephens came into the office of JOHN BULL about a week before the paper was launched. He was over for the Derby, and therefore in the humour for backing winners, so he booked an order for a good substantial number of copies. We therefore wish him long life and prosperity, and register the fact here with a thumb-nail sketch of him in his habit as he vends.

"I FED THE POOR TOO WELL!"

WILL CROOKS, M.P.—"POPLAR-ITY!"

A PRACTICAL IMPERIALIST.

By Ben Tillett.

The late Richard Seddon, rugged, energetic, ambitious, strong of face, heavy in figure and sturdy of limb, the bold scout of Imperialism, has gone on his last journey.

If there is a reward beyond the grave for the "sundowner" who tramps day after day with blistering feet over hot sand, with an everlasting yellow glare beating the dried grass and parched earth, then in that heaven Dick Seddon will meet some "pals" who roughed it in the "never, never" land.

Typical of all that is strenuous in the Saxon make-up, "Dick," as he was everywhere called, had roughed it with the best and worst.

But a Seddon could not be produced except under the British flag and in a British colony. Blunt and downright, masterful with a thoroughness more forceful than polite, he fought his way to the top, trampling over obstacles which only a vital manhood could surmount.

From the obscurity of an out-of-the-way mining settlement, where hope and despair unite pathos and tragedy, where forgetfulness and an early grave is the final chapter of most lives, Seddon sprang to a world position, his opinions counting as oracles in our Empire.

Without reading or the refinements of cultured thinking, or even education from a school standpoint, he yet administered the most delicate details of his high office with the ease and efficiency of statesmanlike resource. There was nothing of the "passive resister" about "Dick's" political beliefs, nothing perfunctory in his parliamentary work; he opposed subtlety with bluntness, subterfuge or evasion he routed, without regard to the fine amenities of debate; sneer and insult found him invulnerable. His rise to office brought upon him all the priggish hate of envious mediocrity; his grammar, his diction, his manners, his very walk was caricatured, his appearance lampooned, and "Digger Dick," a term of contempt, made him the most popular man in New Zealand, and begat the cult of rough, practical democracy. Class caddishness in New Zealand acted with boomerang effect, to the utter destruction of the political power of the land monopolists.

"Dick" was a champion, a veritable tribune of "white man" colonies; the Asiatic race, he held, had no rights comparable to the white man, in a white man's land. Probably Seddon's anathema, hurtling over the earth, against Chinese slavery in the Transvaal, was the most damaging blow which Mr. Chamberlain and the late Tory Government received.

His own life's work is shown best in his having been the moving spirit of political reform in his colony for a longer time than any previous Minister. He found the banks and the credit of the colony in a wretched state; greedy and incompetent monopolists playing fool and rogue with mine, lands and industries. The "squatter" was in the toils of the money-lender, the small farmer could not make a living; the best lands were running to waste, and idle workpeople starving in what was popularly called "God's country." Stock, sheep and cattle were badly tended; disease rampant; Government inspection decried. The toiler was sweated in the towns, the miners robbed in the outlying districts; very little municipal life or pride existed under the régime of the superior persons of University attainments.

Seddon represented the experience, the bitter convictions of the best men and women of New Zealand; the new democracy took him as champion, guided his ways, determined his political conduct. No leader was ever more adaptable to new conditions, or on gaining experience more assertive in compelling loyalty. To enumerate his achievements would be difficult, but some of the results will be of interest to budding statesmen. Compulsory arbitration in industrial disputes; factory Acts rigorously applied; a minimum wage and maximum hours of labour fixed by law; land monopoly restricted —where not wiped out; small farms, State assisted; State dairy and agricultural institutions founded; banks nationalised; railways nationalised; mining laws reformed; cattle, sheep, and meat industries inspected under the most exacting and scientific conditions; old age pensions generously applied; these are some of the factors which now make New Zealand the best of our colonies. Yet the credit of the colony is of the soundest, and capitalists have the best assurance for monetary stability. The game down under is not of the "kid glove" order; the perfumery of piffle not so much respected as it is here; in this bitter struggle Seddon's experience stood him in good stead.

Seddon had some of the cleverness of Chamberlain, some of his resource, a good deal too of that lack of scruple which the Birmingham man has brought into politics; a Gerald Balfour would have been wrecked and broken in a month had he had "Dick" to deal with him.

From the advanced Labour party Seddon found a good deal of opposition, but at least it was always a stimulus to him to grant or assist to bring about a modicum of reform, invariably using the extreme demands of labour as a lever to more doubting politicians.

Probably his happy home life, the comradeship of an alert-minded wife, the assistance of accomplished daughters, relieved him from some of the drudgery of society; his womenfolk, too, were the most strenuous and capable of political assistants. "Dick" was consumed with the egotism of office; there was no burden of empire to him; it was joyful life and endeavour, to back up the old flag. John Burns is the nearest character I know to that of Seddon, with his defects and qualities and confidence incarnate. A brave man is dead; his work lives on, and none is now so mean as to deride a life that exemplifies the best potentialities of our race.

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THE UNSEEN WORLD.

(Concluded.)

BY A. P. SINNETT,
Editor of *Broad Views*, Author of "Esoteric Buddhism," &c.

I have dealt with the experiences in the next world of a man who led a dignified and noble life on earth and found himself in cheerful and exhilarating circumstances after going through the change called death. Let me now deal with another case, in which, owing to complicated circumstances, a man, who led a very different kind of life on earth, was ultimately enabled, and induced, to relate his early adventures. By the time he was in a position to relate them he had passed beyond the painful conditions to which he first woke after death. I must just say in passing that the bonâ fides of the lady through whose mediumship, under circumstances with which I am personally acquainted, the narrative has come to us is beyond possibility of suspicion.

A Painful Astral Experience.

Our unhappy friend, whom it will be convenient to call the "Wanderer," had, by his own frank confession, led a deplorable life, and was cut off in the middle of it, dying, after a brief period of suffering, from the effects of an accident. When he awoke he found himself in utter darkness. He groped vainly about, meeting with no obstacle, but finding himself, as it were, in an infinity of darkness. The effect to him, of course, was the consequence of defective characteristics in his own astral body, and not to his presence in any definite sphere of darkness. Wildly wondering whether he was mad or delirious, at last he catches sight of a faint light in the distance. This arises from his thought of the one woman whom in life he had loved with something like genuine devotion. It was, he tells us, a poor and selfish love compared with what it should have been, but it was all he had to give, and he gave it all. From the midst of his darkness he seems to see her at a distance, but cannot reach her. Then, after another interval of unconsciousness, he finds himself beside his own grave and sees her putting flowers on it. Then for the first time he realises that he is dead, yet realising that the form he inhabits is still his own, though as he feels his features they seem to him misshapen and distorted.

His experiences in this dismal condition are painfully protracted. He contrives, through mediumship, to send a message to his beloved one. But he cannot make her conscious of his presence. And then, later on, he meets grave and pitying inhabitants of the astral world, who explain to him the condition in which he finds himself and how it will only be through penitential efforts, and by attempting, within the limits of his power, to be serviceable to others who may be even worse off than himself, that he will be enabled to emerge from the gloomy conditions by which he is surrounded. He calls the fraternity he now joins the "Brotherhood of Hope," and explains at great length how he was enabled, by enrolling himself in the humblest classes of that brotherhood, to rise into a sphere or circle which he calls the Twilight Land. His narrative more than corroborates a statement I have already made, that the astral world around us is divided into many subordinate planes or spheres, but, in truth, much that to our wanderer appeared like a transfer from one region to another would probably be more correctly interpreted as the development within himself of attributes which rendered him conscious of superior conditions.

Gradual Progress.

From the Twilight Land he passes eventually into one which he calls "The Land of Dawn," and those who would appreciate the value of his testimony best will be least disposed to accept as rigidly definite divisions those which he describes himself as passing through. But the characteristics he describes are, nevertheless, very suggestive, and correspond in the main with the scientific observations of the occultist concerning the variegated possibilities of the unseen world. For instance, in the Land of Dawn our friend finds himself at last improving in personal appearance, losing the disagreeable deformities which he observed in his first vehicle of consciousness, recovering first of all a resemblance to his original earthly form, and then improving upon that. So that at last, when he is both enabled and willing to show himself to his beloved friend on earth, she is bewildered at first by seeing no traces of the worn expression with which she was familiar. It was a younger and smoother presentment of himself that he showed her, and he heard her say: "It was so like, so very like, what my dear friend must have been in youth; it was so like, and yet so unlike him, I hardly know what to think." By degrees opportunities for meeting her—of course, unless she had been gifted with splendid psychic faculties, the story would never have reached us—became frequent, and their renewed knowledge of each other fairly intimate. But still, under the stimulus of the great love emotion which accomplished his redemption, he worked hard at the tasks he had undertaken, and he describes an elaborate mission in which he took part, proceeding to the most degraded regions of the astral plane, where conditions of suffering prevailed even more serious than those he at first encountered on passing over.

The "Lower Hells."

In dealing with this part of the story, we have to be cautious as to our acceptance of his narrative: not that I suspect it for a moment to be insincere, but the complications of subjective suffering with which he thus came into relation would not be readily distinguished, except by a trained occultist, from material conditions surrounding the sufferer. And it must be remembered that the whole of this unseen world is considerably more vast and varied than that with which we have cognisance in physical life, and brimming over, as it were, with delusive appearances, owing to the manner in which the thoughts of those who inhabit it take on, in many cases, a visible shape in the plastic matter of that ethereal world.

The Brighter Regions.

Our Wanderer, at the time when he tells us his story, has reached conditions far higher than those of the Land of Dawn, but though he describes these brighter regions with glowing enthusiasm and finds them blissful in the extreme, I doubt whether he ever touched, within the period in which his narrative relates, a level so high as that described in the Carlingford letters.

It does not always happen that a blameless life will be immediately followed by joyful experiences hereafter, if the blamelessness has merely ensued from the smooth conditions of life free from all temptation, and will sometimes prove to have been compatible with interior defects of character, disqualifying the person passing on, from touch with the higher regions of the world he or she may enter.

In these papers, I have merely been dealing with characteristics of that accessible world which directly relate to human destiny. Just as the physical world around us is inhabited, not merely by men and women, but by animals of all varieties, and decorated with the whole wealth of the vegetable kingdom, so also in the next world there are complicated evolutions of life going on side by side with those in which we ourselves are destined to take part. That which in occultism is described as "the elemental kingdom" is for the astral world as vast and varied a phenomenon as the animal kingdom of this world, and, besides that, astral experience may put us in touch with beings belonging even to a more exalted scheme of evolution than that which concerns humanity. But to go into further detail would be hopelessly impossible in the space at my disposal. I shall be satisfied if I have succeeded in rousing some of my readers to an appreciation of the profound truth that, in paying attention merely to the knowledge, the learning, or even the science of the physical plane, we are but "as children picking up shells on the shore of the ocean."

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

Russian Bonds.

The rumours of negotiations for another large Russian loan may be without foundation—settling day in connection with the last loan is only just over—but it is certain that the necessities of the Russian Government make another large loan necessary in the near future if obligations and requirements are to be met, and it is not easy to see where it is to come from. The last was obtained on specific assurances that the Russian Government would seek a modus vivendi with the Duma, and concede a substantial modicum of the popular demands, whereas the Czar seems to have surrendered himself to the forces of reaction, and once more the country is in a state of ferment bordering upon revolution. It may be that once more the signs of revolution are misleading, and things will quiet down, in a sort of way, as they have done before, but the continuance of the unrest must act most prejudicially upon Russian industries, and the reports as to the conditions of the peasantry point to ever-growing destitution. Under circumstances such as these, it is astonishing that any prudent investor should be tempted by the bait of high interest to put his money into Russian bonds, or continue to hold any he may have. No doubt influences of the most powerful kind are propping Russian credit, and the revolution that seems inevitable may be postponed—it would be well sometimes to recall the dates of the several stages of the great French Revolution—but Russian bonds should be left to the gambler.

Omnibus Finance.

The London General Omnibus Company's issue of £150,000 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £10 each at par, for the purpose of developing the motor omnibus branch of its business, reminds shareholders of the extremely difficult position in which the omnibus companies find themselves at the present time. The London General Omnibus Company proposes to spend a million sterling on motor omnibuses and their adjuncts, half of which will be provided from the appropriation usually devoted to the maintenance of horse and rolling stock, and the balance by prefcrence share issues. There is no doubt that the Company is well advised in providing its service with motor omnibuses. It is bound to do so if it is to continue to live, and the same may be said of the other omnibus companies. The day of the horse omnibus is rapidly going, and those among omnibus proprietors who remain content with it must disappear with it. But the risks of the new and large expenditure required to provide the necessary motor omnibus service are more than usually great. It is not only that motor omnibus companies are being brought out with what looks like reckless profusion. There is no guarantee that the best motor omnibus of to-day will be anywhere near the best a couple of years hence, and by the time the London General Omnibus Company has spent its million we may be sure that some of its present motor omnibuses will be obsolete. There is no way to avoid this danger, as it applies to all companies alike, but it is none the less real, and must cause many anxious moments to those responsible for the financing of motor-omnibus companies.

Etruscan Copper.

The report of Messrs. Alexander Hill and Stewart should destroy any lingering belief of a credulous proprietary in the value of this property. The actual amount of 2 per cent. ore available is estimated at 17,000 tons, and may be about 30,000. These figures, says the report, "represent the minimum and the possible maximum estimate of ore supply at the present time." In the opinion of Messrs. Alexander Hill and Stewart, during the next seven or eight months a profit of from £6,000 to £7,000 should be earned, but "this is all the profit which they can at present estimate with any degree of certainty as being producible from the property. The search for more ore has resulted in a disappointment." Consequently, "with the object of reducing expenditure," and "being of opinion that their services are not necessary," these gentlemen have resigned. It is a doleful but not surprising tale. The astonishing thing is not that the mine has proved to be worthless from the dividend-earning point of view, but that in these days it should ever have been thought anything else; that an eminently respectable board should have been persuaded not only that the mine was worth working, but that it was "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Who that heard it can forget the speech of Mr. Vavasour Earle, at the memorable meeting when Mr. Moreing said his say about the property, and Mr. Govett's dithyrambic endorsement, backed by Lord Farrer, whose sober but opportune confirmation was the result of personal and prolonged inspection of the property? And yet it was not an unknown property of which these directors and experts spoke, when at meeting after meeting they assured their shareholders that the Etruscan would soon be generally acknowledged as amongst the greatest of the copper mines of the world. It had been worked and abandoned, not once, but several times, and the opinion of the leading Italian experts was, without exception, that whilst immense sums had been wasted in the equipment of the mine, such ore as was likely to be found in it was too poor to make it profitable to extract it. But nothing could shake the faith of Mr. Earle, and Mr. Govett, and the shareholders who crowded to the meetings to listen to them. Alas! though faith may remove mountains, as high authority assures us, it does not put copper where the metal is not. We shall never know what made the directors so sanguine, for the old company, with its delightful doings, lies decently interred at Carey Street, and the record of its successor leaves little to disclose. But it is a curious story, that might have been worth the telling.

BOND INVESTMENT COMPANIES.

The Government Bill introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Kearley on behalf of the Board of Trade, "to provide for the better regulation of bond investment companies," is a step in the right direction. It enacts that before a bond investment company can carry on business in the United Kingdom it must deposit £10,000, which shall be returned to the company only when the funds set apart and secured for the bondholders amount to £20,000. Whether it should be returned then seems to us a matter deserving of debate. Every company of the kind will be required to prepare an annual statement of its revenue account and balance-sheet, and once in every five years its financial position must be reported upon by an actuary, and made known within nine months after the date to which the accounts are made up for the purposes of the investigation.

Alliance Motor 'Bus Company.

The Stock Exchange Committee has acted as was expected, and seems proper, in suspending the special settlement in the Alliance Motor 'Bus Company, pending the result of the legal proceedings that have been taken. The official and other statements upon the matters in dispute cannot be reconciled, and until they have been authoritatively disposed of the Committee is wise in remaining neutral.

NEW ISSUES.

British and Foreign Argentine Corporation.—The promoters of this concern have big ideas. The company has been formed "for the purpose (*inter alia*) of developing the resources of the Argentine Republic and the other countries of South and Central America." We like the "*inter alia*." The prospectus is careful to repeat that "the company does not intend to confine itself entirely to the Argentine Republic, as in the opinion of the promoters there are also opportunities for the profitable investment of capital in Chili, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Mexico, and other parts of Central and South America." There are "rubber forests in the State of Matto Grosso, Brazil," and "valuable diamond fields in the same State," and arbitrage business is to be undertaken, companies "requiring financial support" are to be helped over the stile, and the company is not to go to allotment upon a smaller subscription than 10,000 Preferred and participating

shares, to wit, £10,000. The chairman of this remarkable undertaking, which whatever else it may lack is not wanting in a certain kind of courage, is Lord Teynham. As the "Times" truly remarks, "the future of the company will obviously depend on the care with which its capital is used," but the greatest care will not make £10,000 go far in developing the resources of South America.

The MATALE CEYLON RUBBER COMPANY, Limited is a small concern which asks the public for £15,000 for the purpose of acquiring and working certain properties in Ceylon, planted more or less with rubber. The vendors are to be paid £25,000, of which £10,000 is to be in cash, for what they have to sell. There do not appear to be any rubber trees upon the ground fit for tapping as yet, but some 16,000 are expected to begin yielding next year. The prospectus wisely omits any estimate of profits, but if, as is suggested, the company are able by-and-bye to deliver rubber in London at a cost of 1s. 4d. per lb. and to sell it for 6s. per lb. for fine plantation, and 5s. per lb. for fine scrap, it will do well. The trouble is with the "if."

Chinese may go, and Kaffirs malinger, but DE BEERS pursues its happy way, undisturbed by such worries, and punctual in the declaration of dividends which leave no room for discontent. A distribution of 10s. per share on both its Preferred and Deferred capital for the current half-year has just been announced, and is the same as for the past three semi-annual distributions. It is true that the dividends of 1903 and 1904 were high, but the half-sovereign is handsome.

Increase in gross revenue as compared with 1904, £17,800, dividend on the ordinary shares 3 per cent., as against 6. This is the result of the 1905 trading of the BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION COMPANY. The sum brought into account was less, and first charges a good deal higher. There seems to be some need for explanation, and perhaps when the directors meet the shareholders next Friday they will enlighten them on various points.

We had something to say last week about STEEL TRUSTS. Now there are rumours of a trade war between the southern steel companies. At present, of course, the demand for steel is so great in the United States that the Trust has all the orders it can do with, but it is heavily weighted as against some of its competitors, and the ordinary never represented value.

We like to see virtue rewarded. Some time ago SIR ERNEST CASSEL placed £200,000 at the disposal of the King for charitable purposes; now the King makes Sir Ernest Cassel Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. *Do ut des.*

A good many of us will be surprised to learn that the BANK OF BRITISH WEST AFRICA sent home last year, on behalf of the mines of that insalubrious country £718,000, a sign, Sir Alfred Jones thinks, "that the Gold Mining Industry is going to pay in the near future." Let us hope so, but the lack of native labour and the superabundance of fever, not to speak of the frequent lack of gold in paying quantities, make Sir Alfred's opinion a somewhat sanguine one.

INQUIRIES.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.—POTTERY MAN.—Our advice would be to join a British company; low premium is not the only thing to be considered.

LIPTON'S (F.C.K.).—We think that even the present price of Lipton's Ordinary is above value, and there is little likelihood of appreciation. We advise you to cut your loss.

JAPAN CORPORATION, LIMITED (Leyton).—The answer to your first question is in the affirmative, and to your second and third questions in the negative.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—The bonds are good enough, but if you want them you can get them cheaper in London. You should apply to Quin, Cope, and Co., foreign bankers, 29, Royal Exchange, E.C.

FIRE AND BURGLARY (J.M.M.)—The company has not been long established. You should go to one in a stronger position.

J.H.—No. L.T.S.—Certainly not. T.R.—Send the papers.

The

"JOHN BULL"

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Managing Trustee:—
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Assisted by Two other Trustees to be elected by the Subscribers.

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The Fund will be banked in the names of the Trustees and operated upon only by their joint signatures.

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(2) MINING AND GENERAL SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT.
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The fund has been formed as the result of numerous suggestions and inquiries which have reached the Editor from all quarters of the countrv. and it is hoped will be the means not only of realising substantial profits to the subscribers, but also of keeping them out of the hands of "Outside Brokers" and the touting fraternity generally ; and of giving them at the same time the benefit of that special and exclusive information and knowledge which are obtainable only as the result of extended City experience and of a position more or less "behind the scenes" in the financial world.

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JOHN BULL'S OPEN LETTER.

To the Honourable Mr. Justice Grantham.

"My Lord,"—

To paraphrase a famous dictum, you may flaunt some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time, but you cannot flaunt all the people all the time. And thus it comes about that having, out of a cynical disregard of public opinion, exceeded by five years the period on the Bench necessary to qualify you for a pension from an ungrateful country, you have at last trodden upon one of "John Bull's" favourite corns and made him angry. Always a bitter and bigoted political partisan, you have too long been permitted by the long reign of your Tory friends to pursue your way unchecked. But there has been this swing of the pendulum, and you have quite overlooked the fact that the new House of Commons, as part of the High Court of Parliament, will exercise its right to review the conduct of even the highest officers of the State. It had been well, therefore, for what the poverty of the English language compels us to call your reputation, had you resisted the temptation of claiming your privilege as senior puisne Judge (a most appropriate appellation), to preside over the trial of the recent Election Petitions. You did not know that you were being watched.

Before, however, coming to the head and front of your last offending, let us take just a glance over your judicial career—without wearying either you or ourselves with prolific detail. Was anyone more surprised than yourself when, in 1886, you were suddenly transformed from the position of a Tory hack to one of her late Majesty's Judges? You had sat chiefly for East Surrey—where you had done much political spouting—mostly of the Old Bailey type—whilst your colleague, Mr. Watney, paid the piper. In this capacity, you had distinguished yourself by declaring your conviction that the late Mr. Gladstone—already then in the eventide of his life—would willingly have sold his soul to the Devil to get into office. And in the House and out of it you had always been obedient to the party whip.

Enjoying but a limited practice, and with no marked ability, your appointment to the Bench staggered the judicial world. It is said that at the time of its announcement the Judges were holding a meeting, presided over by the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. One of them, renowned for the force and flavour of his language, gave vent to his astonishment and disgust—whereupon Coleridge, in his mincing and silvery tones, observed "Thank you, brother ——. I am not accustomed to indulge in such language myself, but there are times when it is a relief to one's feelings. Will you kindly go on?"

Since that date you have been one of the laughing-stocks of the Bench. No lawyer respects your decisions, and no layman has the remotest confidence in you. The Court of Appeal has repeatedly rebuked you—even as we write, they are doing so again.

Absolutely lacking in the judicial temperament, you have remained the bitter partisan. (Ah, now you weep! but what we say is for your good.) More than once in recent times you have shown even in private life how utterly you lack the judicial mind. When, a few years ago, a certain right of way near your residence was disputed, you led the inhabitants, like a new Village Hampden, and by brute force tore down the obstacles by which the owner had sought to assert his title. A little later you defied the local authorities in regard to the building of cottages the plans of which did not comply with the regulations. Later still you have addressed meetings and written to the newspapers upon burning questions of current politics—and altogether have made more or less a fool of yourself.

Here is an instance of your intellectual composition. In trying a civil action for libel you were referring to a famous Treasury prosecution, in which the plaintiff had been acquitted. You did not altogether like having to admit the argument that the justice of that acquittal was a matter beyond inquiry; and so you told the jury that, whilst this was so, the acquittal was, in your opinion, due mainly to the fact that the plaintiff had ventured to defend himself. Had he been represented by counsel, said you, there was little doubt but that a conviction would have followed. The crowded benches of bewigged gentlemen in court listened to these weighty words with amazement and evident dissent; whereupon, by an almost divine inspiration, you sought to put things right by observing, "Not of course, gentlemen, that the *conviction would have been right!*"

And now matters have reached a climax by your conduct in regard to the recent Election Petitions. With a confidence and cynicism born of incapacity, you have deliberately thrown over what your "Brother" Lawrance (another glorious ornament of the Bench!) described, in dignified language, as "a cartload of Judges"—including many of the most brilliant men who have ever sat upon the Bench—and, happy, as you thought, in the snug security of freedom from appeal, you have propounded such astounding theories of the law of elections as to bring both the Legislature and the Law itself into ridicule and contempt. And you have not improved the position by spluttering and blubbering, and talking about the Stuart Kings and the Mother of Lies. What you have now to deal with is the Mother of Parliaments; and she will want to know by what mental process you persuaded yourself to differentiate between practically identical incidents; how what, under one set of circumstances, was innocent, was, under substantially the same circumstances, corrupt; how, in one place, the election had begun in October and in another had not commenced in September. She will want to know by what right, by what legal tradition, whenever you found precedent or authority against you, you recklessly threw it to the winds—declaring, with the complaisance of a madman that all the great Judges of the past were wrong.

Was there ever such audacity? We are almost tempted to think that you are contemplating a belated retirement, with a view to returning to the House of Commons—and that you want to make sure of a seat. Perhaps even *you* are satisfied that the £100,000 which the taxpayers of this county have paid you represents your full judicial value to the State—of course, with a snug pension thrown in!

And the tragedy of it all is that, whilst these charges are hanging over you—charges which, if true, mean, as you correctly say, that you are utterly unfit to sit on the Bench—you are about to proceed to the Assizes, where not only the property, but the lives and liberties of the people will be at your mercy. Apart from the constitutional drawbacks to which we have referred, you are, just now, admittedly in an over-wrought mental condition. You are always weeping. You cried at Chailey, and you blubbered at Bodmin. Be a man, and face the situation. Recognise that you are under suspicion—that you are on *your* trial; and that, pending the judgment of the High Court of Parliament—before which you are now arraigned—both Decency and Justice demand that you should of your own volition retire into that position of obscurity which Providence has so bountifully qualified you to adorn.

Nature intended you, at the best, for a small country squire; but even in that capacity you are not very popular down Lewes way. The fact is that, like nearly all glorified pot-house politicians, you have been thrown out of your stride. Having had a certain greatness, to which you were never born, thrust upon you, you think you have achieved it. Hence it dawns upon you, as a revelation, that Parliament is supreme; that you are its direct employé, engaged and paid to administer the laws which, in its wisdom, it makes for the good Government of the land. And, as with barristers and solicitors, and all other members of the great trades union of the courts, Parliament has at length awakened to its responsibility. In a word, *you must go!*

Your indignant master,

John Bull.

"WON'T YOU GO HOME?"

THE GENTLE GERMAN.

By Jim Crow.

[*The Editor wishes it to be clearly understood that the views expressed in this article are the exclusive property of the writer.*]

Now that a number of Teuton editors are spying out our land, it would be a mistaken kindness not to let them know what I think of their compatriots. We hear them claimed as cousins-German by thoughtless persons among us—a condescension akin to the acceptance of putative brotherhood with transpontine Jonathan. As a matter of fact, the best blood in Britain is Phœnician, the next best Keltic, Norman, Pict or Dane, the muddiest of all German. Away with left-handed connections; down with cadging, poor relations!

Envy, Hatred and Malice.

The burghers mislike us even more than we despise them. To begin with, they realise our secular superiority; they envy our trade, and try to oust it with shoddy; they mimic our Navy; they send insulting telegrams. But their most frantic efforts have been powerless to supplant or annoy. It is true that, in the eighteenth century, they dumped a dismal dynasty, with a vast train of sycophants, parasites, and other undesirable aliens. Otherwise their malice has always missed fire, their knavish tricks have been frustrated, their truculence has faded away like a morning mist.

Bluster.

Brazen blusterers with feet of clay! I am sure that Falstaff must have had a Teutonic strain. Only he drank sack like a gentleman, while they soak themselves with small ale less potent and less distinguished than ginger-pop. Bob Acres also must have had a German forebear, if we may judge by his professions and performances. While the French fancy themselves the sole depositories of Civilisation, the Germans whistle themselves into the delusion that they are the prime exponents of Strength.

Decadence.

Once upon a time they could fight in a cumbrous, bludgeoning, unimaginative way. A generation ago, they contrived to overrun France, then badly armed and still more badly led. Ever since, the process of decadence has proceeded apace, until now they cannot even hold their own against savage tribes in Africa.

Future.

But they are not deterred from aspiring to dominate the destinies of Europe. How this is to be realised their slow wits have not paused to consider. Their surly manners have induced an isolation, which is anything but splendid, in Europe; their oppressive Government has rendered revolution imminent; their resources have been squandered on bloated armaments; they have lost their national physique. The only future which I can anticipate for them is to go on providing the world with cheap clerks, nasty waiters, and other philosophers.

Two Curses.

Unless, indeed, some statesman should arise and deliver them from the two curses which weigh them down. The first of these is Conscription, which robs every German of 7,500 working hours in the course of his natural life. The other is Protection, which grows more and more oppressive almost every year. It has already placed nearly every wholesome article of food beyond the reach of the masses, who are reduced to devouring asses' flesh and many varieties of garbage. How, under such conditions, can a people hope to hold its own in commerce or in war?

Slavery.

All character has long ago been battered out of them. Neither individuality nor imagination remains in their midst. They are all machine-made, with lives and thoughts and habits fashioned in the same ugly mould. Not even their private lives are their own. They are enslaved, body and soul, by hordes of offensive officials, who in their turn are the vassals of other bureaucrats. A friend of mine once complained of a drunken guard on the railway, and barely escaped arrest for "insulting an imperial functionary." Men have been shut up in fortresses for uttering the most innocent remarks, and to think otherwise than imperially will soon be made a capital offence.

Barbarism.

No wonder that Germans remain untouched by civilisation. Their language is the harshest and clumsiest in the world, appropriately reflecting the confusion of their minds. The interminable sentences, the overgrown words, the Cimmerian grammar might easily have been evolved in the Cameroons. The same might be said of their manners, if indeed they could claim to possess any. But you have only to watch them hustling in the streets, or expectorating in coffee-houses, or making merry like wild beasts, in order to appreciate the rudimentary state of their development. Their literature is pedantic, their art is jejune, their music is mere noise. Their very scenery is a crude imitation of the chromolithograph.

Their Young.

Few Germans really grow up, but they are, perhaps, most obnoxious in their adolescence. Games are unknown to the German boy. His only relaxations are gymnastics, beer, and bellowing. When he is old enough for the University, he adds face-slitting to his repertory. He pads himself and slashes about him with a great clumsy sword, and the more unskilful he is the prouder he becomes, for prowess in the duello is measured by the number of gashes he can show. When the scars are not deep enough, he irritates them with wine or spirits so as to render himself a still more ghastly spectacle. When his nose and ears are slit, when his cheeks are suppurating under their strips of plaster, when his face has come to look like cat's-meat (which is his favourite fare), the girls run after him, and break their hearts for him, and vow he is manhood's beautiful ideal.

Their Females.

German women of all classes are esteemed not for their looks (few have any), nor for their intelligence (none have any), but for their skill in house-work. Wives usually wait at table, fetch slippers, carry pipes, speak when they are spoken to, do as they are bid. A good needle is a greater asset in the matrimonial market than a neat ankle; to haggle successfully with the horse-butcher appeals more to a swain than the voice of Patti or the toe of Terpsichore. Frills and furbelows are taboo. Dresses must be plain and untearable. At a party all the women herd together and talk with bated breath. They lead a monotonous, but doubtless virtuous, existence.

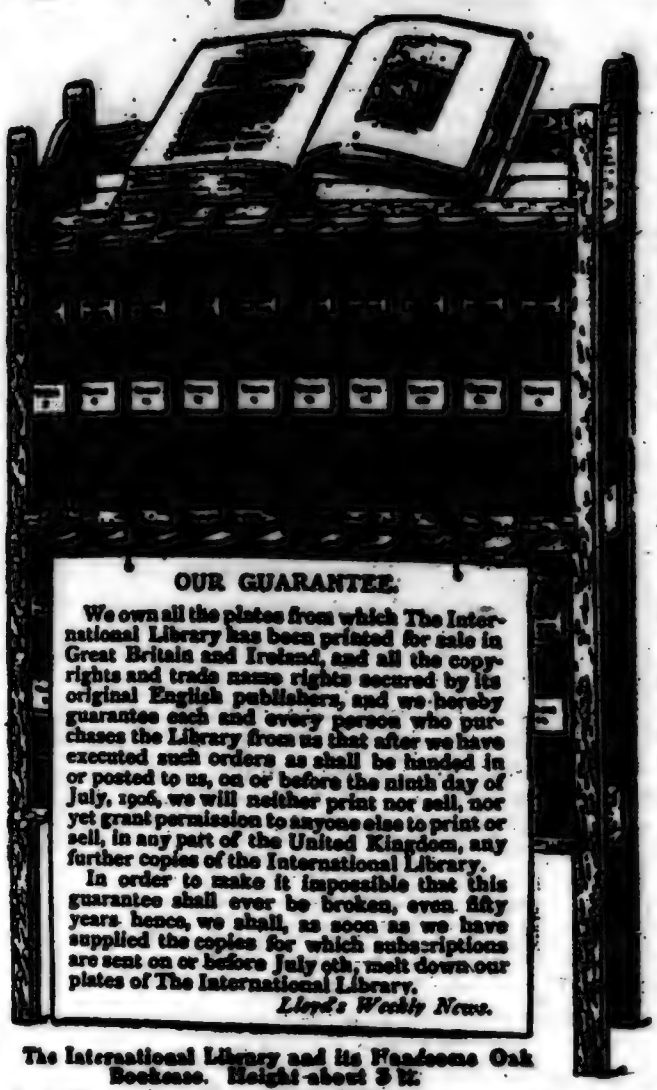
Cleanliness.

There is no cleanliness in Germany.

THE BANBURY "CAKE."

The chosen of the City, who says he "can get up and talk about anything at any time." He is a strong Chamberlainite!

Only One Week More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AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY FRANK HARRIS.

A correspondent wrote last week asking me why I only mentioned a couple of books in this page and only one play. I read perhaps a dozen novels each week, but ten out of the dozen weary me, and I am only too glad to forget them and let them fade out of consciousness without leaving a trace. If I can find two books each week worth talking about I consider myself fortunate, very fortunate, for, after all, one does not discover one book in a year that deserves re-reading. "The Jungle" was the lucky find of this year; one is not likely to find a stronger novel than that in 1906; but in spite of its sense of reality, and in spite of its crude force, I should not like to re-read "The Jungle"; it is a little harsh, a little bitter, and does not flame to greatness.

Besides, there must be a certain element of pleasure in a book before one cares to re-read it, and if one does not read it again and again its chances of immortality seem to me small. That is the test: can one read it again and again with pleasure? If so, it should go away to be bound in sweet-smelling morocco and in time take its place on the little book-shelf where rest half-a-hundred favourites. I shall tell of them some day; but now let me come back from enduring things to temporary, from possessions for ever to the fashion that passeth away.

"Made in His Image."

"Made in His Image," by Mr. Guy Thorne (Hutchinson and Co.), deserves only one epithet—"half-baked." It is not a political pamphlet, it is not a novel; it is betwixt and between: "half-baked." It reminds me of the Yankee who objected to hairs in his butter, and was told by the restaurant-keeper that cows had hairs and it was difficult to keep them out of the milk and butter.

"That's all right," said the Yankee, with fine good-humour, "I don't object to the hairs; I only want them kept separate from the butter; if you will serve them in a dish apart, I shall be quite satisfied."

A political pamphlet is all right in its place; but it should be served apart, like the hairs, and not mixed up with the fine butter of art.

When I saw the publisher's note on this book, and found that both the *Daily Mail* and the Bishop of Truro agreed in praising it, I came to the conclusion that it was probably weak Christianity dished up in bad journalese, and that was not a very wild guess. The English is slovenly, or worse. In the first dozen pages I find such sentences as this—"Once more, as he had done in secret so many times, he meant to anguish a kind heart that he might petrify it for the good of his fellow-men."

Now, this is the sort of English sentiment and English language that both the Bishop of Truro and the *Daily Mail* would be sure to appreciate.

After reading the book through I felt inclined to review it at length, because there is a hint in it of the coming struggle between the scientific way of dealing with poverty—with the surgeon's knife, so to speak—and the Christian way, which has never yet been tried on this earth; but I don't think the book deserves a studied appreciation; it is too pretentious and too carelessly written: "half-baked."

"Set in Authority."

"Set in Authority," by Sara Jeannette Duncan (Constable), is chiefly concerned with India and life in the "hupper succles" both there and in England. It is not by any means a masterpiece, and yet it has excellent qualities. In one of the earliest chapters we are introduced to a dozen people and are told a great deal about each of them, but we don't know them, we cannot distinguish between them, and it is only as the book goes on that we learn to recognise them and to feel sympathies or antipathies towards them. Sara Duncan, or Mrs. Cotes, should take more time over her introductions and use a little more art in her presentations. We resent details about unimportant people, whereas we welcome details about the protagonists of the story. All through the book there is this fault of style, fault of art if you will, otherwise one would have to place Mrs. Cotes, with Rudyard Kipling and Mrs. Steele, among the best painters of Anglo-Indian life. As it is, I found the book a little difficult to read, a little tiring and jerky; but still, the life of the English in India, if not pictured is described, and the natives are shown as a sort of indistinct but picturesque background, just as Rudyard Kipling and Mrs. Steele have treated them. One waits for the poet who will paint Indian life for us, and show what the Englishman looks like to the native, and what effect oud soldiers and judges and administrators have upon his imagination.

AMONG THE THEATRES.

A few afternoons ago I wandered into the Duke of York's Theatre to hear Yvette Guilbert and Chevalier. It is many a year since I first saw Yvette Guilbert in Paris. Hugues le Roux (the journalist who delights in telling everyone that he discovered her) took me to les Ambassadeurs, I think, or some other café chantant to introduce me to the new star. I didn't want to be introduced; as a rule, I prefer the mummer's art to the mummer, and I would always rather know one pretty woman than a hundred clever ones.

Yvette Guilbert as She Was.

Yet, in spite of this predilection, Yvette Guilbert made an impression on me. She was so thin she seemed a creature without sex, and with a Frenchwoman's sense of the value of a singular appearance, she accentuated the peculiarities of her figure by her dress: her skeleton arms were clothed in long black gloves; she stood very rigid, and when she moved she moved like a wooden doll; every now and then one caught a glimpse of sparrow-legs—also black. There was something unearthly-weird—*macabre*—in her looks, and the first thing she sang was that tragedy of the street—a la Villette—of Aristide Bruant. How she rendered the horror (intensified by the gutter-slang) of that grotesque life that ends at the guillotine, and how the hoarse refrain *a la Roquette* called up the scene—the grey dawn, the horse-soldiers hedging off the crowds, the few of us standing about the loathsome machine, and then the thrill, as the great doors swing open and the awful procession comes towards us with the priest walking backward in front of the doomed man. Suddenly one loses the prayers of the priest and the noise of the crowd—all one's senses merged in seeing; for the man's face is terrible, not white, but yellow-green—jaundiced with fear—he totters forward, his eyes fixed wide open, staring past the priest at the knife. One covers eyes, ears, every avenue of sense, in icy dread and shuddering suspense; but still one feels in every hair and fibre the rush and thud—horror's crown of horror! and her croaking chant recalls it—*a la Roquette!*

Then came a suggestive thing, in which sensuality was hinted in a grimace, and all the while voice, gesture, play of face, worked together and brought out every shade of meaning, as a wet tongue brings out the veins in a stone. It was magical: here voice was used, not for beauty, but to counterfeit reality; and gesture not for grace, but for representment—the ugly, the grotesque, the horrible, the lewd, even the pretty, employed to render life and give one the quintessence of reality.

And the art of it all! The sober economy of means and the certainty of effect, nothing redundant or uncertain, though the palette was rich in colours—a great artist was Yvette Guilbert.

Yvette Guilbert Now.

When Yvette Guilbert came on the stage the other day I did not recognise her; here was a pretty woman with delicate-white skin and the over-plump outlines of forty, got up as a great lady of two hundred years ago; could that be Yvette Guilbert? It was; when she smiled, the meaning in the glance was hers, the flick of the head, too, and the exquisite clearness of speech. But where was the Yvette who had sounded the depths and come back to tell us of them; where was the shiver of fear; the gasp of horror; the joy in living; the fixed stare, and vibrating nostrils of desire; the piquant coquetries?—the seduction of sin, the sense of life had vanished and the magic with it.

Here was a drawing-room entertainer; who sang excellently pretty songs of a bygone time; she sang so well and was so correct in her vivacity that I could have howled with laughter at the idea of this being Yvette Guilbert. Ah! No, no, never! Changing at birth is all right; but genius is harder to get rid of than the ducal strawberry-mark, and I will not consent to this ludicrous substitution. I will keep my memories, deathless memories, of Yvette Guilbert, and as for this plump lady—well, I shall forget her without much difficulty. And she helps me, kind soul, as if she had divined my purpose, for she sings an "Engliss song"—if you please—indescribably-English as she is spoke at Montmartre, and I grin and chuckle to myself, for the sardonic humour of it is immense; it is as if Keats, not content with the high speech of the immortals, had tried to write a sonnet in Cockney French!

But the audience, as soon as it found out that Yvette Guilbert was supposed to be singing in English, shut their books of words with audible sighs, and at the close cheered and cheered again.

F. H.

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BARNI:
A TALE OF DEAD MEN.
[Continued.]

BY MAYO O'BLAKE.

He was fierce and defiant, when he launched that challenge at large.

"And look you here, now, Señor Jacomo," he continued, more placidly. "I'll manage the dhirty details. You shall have a foine accessible ground, outside the town boundaries, wid wagonettes and carts for platforms, and bands and banners, and cheers and ructions, and all the fun o' the fair, ha, ha!"

"Yes, excellent, excellent." Señor Jacomo rubbed his hands.

"And whisper, now. I'm not going to deny—that is, to you—that the alterations, though moighty troublesome and laborious, may save me some expinse. Not much, but a little, anyway. And I'm not the man, begorra! to do the mane thing. If this all comes off as you have so cleverly planned it, I shouldn't be surprised but what I might be able to slip a Bank of Ecumea note for a hundred pounds into your honoured hand. Not that that matthers the laste taste to you, av coorse."

"Of course not, Barni, of course not. Three days out from this. I'll conthrive the Executive Committee's resolution—or the Council's—and the circular to the branches, and all the rest of it. I'll call an Emergency Meeting at once. I know where to gather them, or comb 'em out from."

"That's you, sorr." Barni rubbed his fat hands. "That's the way to circumvint the foe."

"Good-bye, Barni. Push ahead wid your preparations and processionists and big dhrums and other essentials. And—and—the hundred pounds?"

"As good as in the inside of your most intimit pocket, Señor Jacomo. Trust me for that, sorr, bedad!"

He beamingly acquiesced, especially as he had no alternative but to trust; and so, after deeply pledging each other and their great Cause and swearing secrecy, Senor Jacomo hurried away to set his aggrandized plans in motion.

With only some trifling but astute allowances for his individual idiosyncrasies and habits, the interview with Señor Patsio, whom the crested Timotheo was entertaining in another room during the latter portion of Señor Jacomo's, was almost a repetition of the antecedent one, in its course as well as in its result.

Then Señor Barni poured out unto himself a tumblerful of more youthful and untamed spirit than the more mellow yet potent liquid in which he had participated ceremoniously though freely, and lit his penny clay pipe.

"The empty, consaited, chape, and paper-mashied Giovannies, geese, pigs, candle-inds, and scurvy mane dhivils!" he mused. "Leaders of the people! Whoy, I can turn 'em, and rowl 'em, and whistle 'em, and buy 'em, and deludher 'em all the whoile they're giving themselves the foinest of airs and graces and calling me Barni—just plain Barni—and being so good and condeshinding as to honour me by doing me a turn—ho, ho, ho!"

He chuckled, not without a touch of bitterness in his tone, and a smouldering glow of resentment in his eye.

"There's two hundred I've promised away, and that's a thundering lot o' money. Two hundred pounds! Not but that it's less than a quarter of what I save over this precious improvement—ha, ha! Well, thin, I must get five hundred out of Urbino to cover it—extra, I mane, on some pretext or other—outside all the rest I intind to exthract from him. That's all there is about that."

He drank and smoked and cogitated for some time, the while his clerical-looking help was hunting over Cascadia for Señor Urbino. Him he at length discovered, and a conference with Señor Boyla was arranged with much display of mystery and anxious suspicion, fraught as it were with almost catastrophic moment.

The irreverend emissary engaged a bedroom for a friend who was to arrive very late that night, or in the small hours, in the great hotel in which Señor Urbino, who had not a peseto of private fortune nor a scudo of recognised revenue, lived in great sumptuousness and stateliness, with secretaries, valet, and other indispensable outfit of that nature.

In that lofty bedroom the hours preceding the dawn with silent steps, like monks gliding as shadows along their cold dark cloisters to Matins, were crammed with fate and big with consequence; for Señor Urbino was secretly communing, even confederating, with Señor Boyla.

They sat close together, their faces flushed and their voices subdued, for even bedroom walls have ears. Barni had plugged the keyholes, laid the bolster at the door-foot, and taken other precautions with much care and solemnity.

The essentially theatrical temperament of Señor Urbino was finely touched, for Barni was a true artist in his way. All the instruments in his orchestra were—men; all the colours on his palette—their weaknesses.

"It's the greatest chance ever mortal man had, all ready to his feet, if he's the sinse and pluck to pick it up," he said, in an impassioned whisper. "It's for revenge, and for power such as even you never dhreamt of. For begorra! I can bag the brace of Lagues, and combine 'em into one new great one that 'ud shake the land, and make you its masther. For it's you that shud be the Chief, and not a sowl else, bedad!"

"Are you serious, Barni? And are you sure that you're sober? Or that somebody or other isn't fooling you?" anxiously asked Señor Urbino, more for the saying of something to the tranquillising of his nerves, for his temples began to throb like kettle-drums.

"Am I sarious?" answered Barni, with angry contempt. "Am I here, and whoy? Am I sober? Sure, it 'ud be small blame to me if I wasn't, but now I'm in a state of black and unholy timp'rance. And as to anyone making a fool o' me, or wiping me oye—bedad! thin, I'd like to see that man, for he's not born yet into this wurruld o' calamity. No, no; it's Barni Boyla at this moment o' spaking as houlds thim two Lagues in the hollow of his fisht—and offers thim to you. Take 'em, and you're the biggest Chief, and the only rale one, in the counthry; lave 'em, and you're extinguished for iver. For if once they combine—the pathriots and the prastes, the pisants and the politicians—and club their mimbers and their funds, what chance wud there be left for you, or even for Shatan himself, though he turned up wid a dhudeen and a shillelagh, and a brogue as thick as the Liphé, and a tongue as smooth as the porter that's made on its banks? Answer me that, sorr."

Señor Urbino's head was on fire; his pulses were beating like the tramp of troops in his heart and fluttering like flags in his ears.

"What do you want me—what do you advise me to do?" he asked hoarsely.

"Do? Whoy, rise to your wonderful fortune. Shtrike whoile the iron's hot; hit hard, follow up close—and the game is yours, wid the big prizes, by the howly! I'm with you. It's meself that's your friend—me, that's got the best part of Ire——that is, Ecumea in my net. Only, you mustn't let on to a sowl about me being wid ye, moind that, now, Señor Urbino. At laste, till the toime comes along, which may be inside the week, more pow'r to it!"

"But—but, Barni, I'm all in the dark; it's all so vague and general——"

"Av coorse it is—up to now. For we must come to business. This will want money——"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"But it's worth it, every blighted condemned scudo of it—saving your prisince! I must have five hundred pounds before I go another inch——"

"Five hundred!"

"Yes; and a thousand more before the bank shuts tomorrow—to-day, I mane, for the dawn's rising."

"But Barni—why, and where is it all to come from?"

"Whoy? Come now, Señor Urbino; do you think these things can be done on spaches alone? Special trains, and thousands of shouting, foighting, ating and dhrinking men, and dhrums and bands, and wagonettes and carts, and the dhivil knows what else. Why, sorr, even your spaches wouldn't do it; and there's no finer going, or iver was or is likely to be in this muzzled and down-thrid counthry, deny it who dare."

Señor Urbino smiled and said that if Barni did not know what true eloquence was it would be hard to say who did.

"Very well, Barni; I presume you're right, and there's no way out of it. But you must first tell me all your plans."

"Sure, and I'm wasting and pining and palpitating wid the longing to do that same—as soon as I have your two cheques in me hand—the big one not to be presented before half-past three."

"That's all right, Barni; I'll give them to you in the morning. You've got my word for it."

"Faith, and there's not a living man's wurrud as I'd take before yours, sorr, sorra a one. But it's this way. What do you, what can you know of business—mane dhirty, shordid business—you that sits enshrined on the glowing hilltops o' poethry and pathriotism? It's only the likes o' me, ignorant an' low, and born to povertee, that grovels in the dark valleys at your feet, that attinds to thim degradhing matters. And, besoides, if you did undershtand miserable matters o' money—which you don't; and if you did remimber your engagements in that loine, which you maybe wudn't, in the thick o' your great and lofty position and duties; how could I—a schaming blaggard like me—come nigh you to remind you, and shame you, or—or—anyway—*make* you shtump up? By the pow'rs!"

No mortal was ever so sincere, innocent, adoring, and abject as Barni contrived to seem, as he spread his arms wide and gazed into the politician's face.

"What a precious idiot he must be to think that I—I have no notion of business—or money!" said Señor Urbino to himself.

"What a consaited, double-dyed, unshrunk, brass-plated fool he must be to think that I mane the tenth o' the tenth of what I'm afther weighing into the vanitous long ears of him!" soliloquised Barni.

Señor Urbino stole down to his bedroom, and returned with his cheque-book and writing materials.

When the cheques were safely folded in Barni's shabby pocket-book, his manner changed with almost startling suddenness, to crisp resoluteness and sharp precision.

"Listen now, and make your notes as I go. Don't interrupt me, plaze; but ye can axe anything that's not clare to you afther I'm done. Ready? Well, thin. First: you will at once write private and confidential letthers to all the leading men—deputies, councillors, or others—in both Lagues, that you can rely on, and bid 'em be sure—sure as death or Yankee subscriptions—to turn up at Noghina on Sunday next, and rally round you if you give them the wurrud or the signal; and to keep it as saycret as the grave."

Señor Urbino completed his jotting, and nodded.

"Next," proceeded Barni, just as if he were dictating to Señor Timotheo Rill, "next, you will take great pains to be seen about in Cascadia, in a careless, unsuspecting way, right down to Saturday night. A good idea! Can ye conthrive to give a bit of a dinner-party, say, to press men, on Saturday night? I'll arrange a special train to take ye down, and a few others, afther. Ye could slape on the way and be as fresh as a daisy on the Sunday morning. And, anyway, get the papers for to put in the news that you're going to cross the Channel at the wake-ind, or to addhress a mating in the North, or that you're to have a medical operation wurruked upon ye, or any other beguilemint or bedhivilmint that ye may foind raysonable and aisy. Got that, sorr?"

Señor Urbino understood a little stenography; his notes were quickly made.

"But——" he began.

"Well, what is it?" snapped Barni.

"I want to know about Sunday—the Conventions and mass meetings. Is it to be a triangular fight, or what? At what point do I come in?"

"Well, now, I'll enlighten ye. I'll manage so that the mass meetings come first—that is, is intinded to come first——"

"I don't understand in the smallest degree," said Señor Urbino, looking angry and perplexed.

"Av coorse, you don't—as yit. I'm pooling the lot, and the upshot's to be—you on the lofty and lonely scoop, me son."

"Pooling the lot!"

"Dhivil a bit less. The two Lagues is to be thrown together, a sort of weld in a common furnace, that I'll provide for that identical intint and purpose, and then you——"

"Barni, Barni, my head fairly swims with all this. Do explain, or else——"

Barni chuckled, and trifled with a bottle which he extracted from his very small bag.

"Listen now, Señor Urbino. The mass meetings and the rest is going to be proclaimed——"

"What!"

"Yes—proclaimed, interdicted, and privinted by the tyrants as rule us—or try to——"

"But how, and, in the name of sense, why?"

"How? Oh, aisy enough. What's to hindher a low vagabone loike Barni Boyla getting spacheless dhrunk in any one or more of half a dozen nests or dens in the neighbourhood of the Citadel, bad scran to it? And me blethering wid a loose tongue about me contract for rowling stock for the great matings of the two Lagues in the same place at the same toime——"

"Yes, yes," breathlessly interjected Señor Urbino, beginning to catch a glimpse, and naturally interested in every thing that promised to damage or frustrate his opponents.

Barni did not confide to him that he was habituated to simpler and surer means of communication with the Citadel authorities.

"You see," he went on, "those said matings will be held—begun to be held—at a shpot, a bit out from Noghina, which is under the control and orders of the Constab——the Gendarmerie, I mane. Well, the matings will be proclaimed and privinted, and there'll be fiery protests and woild commotions and broken hids and accusations pitched into each other's tathe at close quarters, and noise of tongues and pow'r o' lungs and whisks o' shticks, and pushing and yelling, and all that——"

"Yes, yes; you needn't dwell on that. I know."

"Av coorse you do. Who betther? Well, thin, in the midst of it all, you dhrive in. The air—not to spake o' the skoy and atmosphere—will ring wid one vast cloud-shplitting cry of 'Urbino! Urbino, aboo!'"

"Ha!" said Señor Urbino, leaning back and smiling in sweet content.

"The myrmidions o' the law will try and shtop ye. But you will be as swate and harmless as a gross of mutton poys, and will give your wurrud of honour that you will advise the people to abandon the matings and lave the shpot——"

"I don't see," began Señor Urbino, suddenly chilled by this item of the programme.

"Av coorse, you don't. But you will in a jiffy, bedad! Your wurrud will be taken, but the offishers and their men will kape hould o' your horses' hids all the toime. You will be as good as your wurrud. You will shtand up and ask your fellow-countrymen to close their ranks, for it's not this lague or that, but liberty, and the right of free spache, and the privileges of men who aren't slaves, what's at shtake; and it's not to play into the hands of tyrants or inimies that they've hids and hearts to be bruk; and it's a common cause now to foil the traitor and the oppressor; and let all who love Ecumea, and you, follow you peacefully, at once, and as friends banded together in a new and howly alliance from that moment out—wid all the limitations of division, the shackles and fetters of faction, the poison of strife between brothers, flung into the grinning faces of the shameless Citadel gang, which they would not gratify by flying at each other's honest throats—and the loike. Sure," added Barni, looking out of the tail of his eye at the Señor, who was writing with great rapidity, "sure, it's not for the likes of an ignorant, spluttering owl like meself to be afther giving the ghost of a hint what to say to a grand oraytor like you, as has furlongs of fire and honey at the tip o' your tongue at any time o' the day or night." He smiled with deprecating humility.

"Ah, but, Barni," said Señor Urbino, with kindly patronage, "you're not without some fair notions—a touch of natural ability, of a kind. I fancy that I could have made something of you if I'd had you young—though you're now a good dozen years older than I am."

(To be continued.)

SHAMS.

II.--THE KEELEY INSTITUTE—(*continued*).

By Anti-Humbug.

We have now shown that the Keeley Institute is not what it claims to be. We do not question the good faith of the Committee of Investigation; but its Chairman is an enthusiast capable of seeing only one side of the matter, and the one expert among its members (Mr. Robinson Souttar) has retired from it because, in his opinion, statements are made in advertisements with the authority of the Committee which ought not to be made. We have not denied, and do not intend to deny, that the Institute has made cures. As much might be said by any quack who can persuade patients that his concoctions will cure them. What is the percentage of permanent cures it is impossible to say, the *data* being lacking; but it can hardly be large. Nor is it possible to give the percentage of patients who are left much worse by the treatment than it found them, but it is a serious percentage. The Institute management denies that the treatment is harmful, but they do not prove its harmlessness. And yet it would be very easy to prove it. Let them disclose the constituents of the medicine used to a body of independent medical men, pledged, if desired, not to disclose the information submitted to them, and if they report that the medicine is not calculated to produce injurious effects upon certain patients the Institute will emerge triumphant. Until that challenge is taken up by the management it cannot dispose of the allegation that the drugs used are harmful.

Turning to the commercial side of the Institute, it might be gathered from some of the statements of the Committee—or, rather, its Chairman—that it is influenced by philanthropic considerations. A well-known medical man was asked his opinion of the Institute, and this is what he wrote in reply:—

> "Certainly the Keeley Institute, so-called, is not a charity except in so far as the charity which begins (and ends) at home. It is run in the interest of certain American quacks who use the Keeley cure—associated with the gold cure. The only time, however, in which gold is used is when the deluded patient is paying the fee. The hypodermic injection is, I believe, a preparation of strychnine, fortunately in homœopathic doses."

The writer has got the hang of it. The Institute is run to make money, and it makes it to the tune of many thousands a year. Some six years ago—in May, 1900—the late Mr. Lewis Appelton, of unsavoury fame, thinking probably that in the then temper of the public mind the gold cure for inebriety was likely to be more attractive than the preaching of peace, tried to form a joint-stock company to buy out the Keeley interest and run the Institute on wider lines. In the sort of prospectus he sent out to persons he thought likely to find the capital we find the following statement:—

> "But little effort has been made to extend the business in this country. Notwithstanding this, however, the progress made has been steadily increasing, and from an examination of the books made by a chartered accountant the surplus revenue was about—1895, £1,393; 1896, £1,134; 1897, £1,426; 1898, £1,638."

These are modest profits as compared with those of recent years, since the Institute has taken to advertising somewhat largely. We believe the following statement to be an accurate representation of the position a year or two ago: The capital of the concern was £5,000, divided into £1 shares, valued at about £20 each by their holders—the Managing Director and four or five other Americans. Up to the end of 1902 the average of patients did not exceed twenty per month, but in 1903 it rose to 40. The profits from July, 1902, to July, 1903, are said to have been £5,600; the profits for July, August, and September, 1903, were said to have been a trifle over £1,800—or at the rate of more than £7,000 per annum. In the month of October, 1903, they are said to have been £600; for November a trifle over £1,000; and these profits were said to have been made in spite of much waste, and irregularities, which, as we are informed, led to the parent Institute at Dwight insisting upon certain changes. Be that as it may, the profits—given, say, a steady 40 patients throughout the year—can hardly be less than £10,000 per annum; given 50 patients, the net profit in the year should be not less than £12,000. The following figures may be taken as roughly indicating the capital necessary to run an institute of the kind, the outlay that would be incurred in the first year, and the probable results at the end of it, assuming the terms to be those of the Keeley Institute, and the treatment of 200 patients: Capital, £5,000; revenue (including outdoor patients), £6,960; together, £11,960. Expenditure, £8,525, made up as follows: Manager, £500; secretary, £200; doctor, £250; housekeeper, £75; cook, £60; chambermaids (2), £52; waiters (2), £52; porter, £26; door-boy, £20; kitchen helps (2), £40; food, £1,600; furniture, etc., £2,000; rent, £350; rates and taxes, £110; electric light and gas, £180; laundry, £150; coal, £100; repairs, £60; printing and stationery, £150; stamps, £50; medicines, £200; advertising, £2,000; sundries, £300. This leaves £3,435 in hand as the result of first year's working, after the whole of the furniture has been paid for. With a larger number of patients the profits would, of course, be much larger. With 40 patients in the second year always in the House, the profits, given good management, would probably exceed £10,000. It may be thought that in putting the cost of the medicines at £200 we underrated it, but these figures are not given at random. They, of course, represent cost price; not, as with the Keeley Institute, cost price, plus a heavy royalty to a parent Institute, from whom alone the medicine is to be got.

We have given a very full indication of the commercial aspect of a concern of this kind, not because we suggest that there is anything wrong in the Keeley management, or any other, running an Institute for profit, and very large profits, provided it does nothing to contravene the law of the land, but rather to illustrate the illogical position of the Committee of Investigation. Here are a number of gentlemen whose sponsorship has given the Keeley Institute its success. Without their assurances as to the value of the treatment it would have had much more uphill work with the British public. If they were to resign to-morrow, it might as well shut its doors. They ask us to believe—and we do not question their honesty in doing so—that they are moved by philanthropic motives only. Why then make no effort to reduce the fees so as to bring this priceless treatment within the reach of persons of small means? Surely Canon Fleming, speaking for the Committee, might be expected to tell the management this, or something like it: "We give "you our countenance and we help you in every way. You "have thriven exceedingly. Your profits are very large and "they are growing, but they are made upon fees that put the "cure beyond the reach of the great bulk of the population. "We do not expect you to work for nothing, to risk your "capital without due return. Take 10 per cent., take 20 if "you will, as interest upon your capital, but use the surplus "to reduce the fees. Be content with the 20 per cent., instead "of the 200 per cent you are getting, and by reducing the "fees, bring your remedy within the reach of a much larger "portion of the population. If not, then we resign, and having still belief in the merits of your cure, we shall do our "best to get some capitalist to start another Institute with "fees calculated to give a reasonable profit only, and at less "than half what you charge." That is the course we should have thought men moved by the calamities that follow excessive drinking, believing in the Keeley treatment, and anxious to help their fellow men, would have taken. But the Keeley Committee are content not only that the high charges shall be maintained, but that they shall be accepted from patients who, for the third time, come to the Institute, previous treatment having failed to keep them sober.

We have said that the Keeley Institute owes much to the Committee of Investigation, a body of gentlemen who have pledged their credit to the efficacy of the cure, misled, as we fear as to its general applicability, by some cases of undoubted cure that have been brought to their knowledge. and now we find the "Times" lending its powerful aid in the same direction by means of a series of articles in its advertisement columns, which will be read by the general public to mean, indeed it is so stated at the top of the articles, that the "Times" has investigated the "cure," and is satisfied that it is what it claims to be. We should be among the last to call in question the good faith of the "Times." We are as sure that it would say nothing in its advertising columns in praise of an institution it knew to be unworthy, as it would be incapable of puffing an enterprise it knew to be rotten in its editorial columns. But in inserting these advertisement articles, and in allowing it to go forth that it has examined, and is satisfied of the value of the Keeley cure, the "Times" accepts a great responsibility. Nobody could rightly complain if it put in an advertisement of the Institute in the ordinary way. It is impossible to guarantee the truth of every statement made in an advertisement. The Keeley Institute has the right to advertise, like other institutions that may or may not be all they claim to be, and newspapers cannot be blamed for accepting, or soliciting, its advertisements, while it can point, as it undoubtedly can, to respectable authority in its favour. But for a great newspaper like the "Times" to go far beyond this, and to endorse the representations of the management, is another and much more disputable matter.

We have now said all we think it necessary to say about the Keeley Institute.

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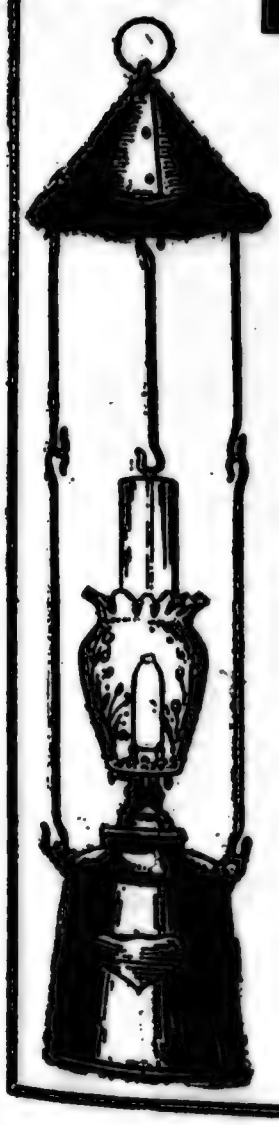

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THE WOODEN HEADS OF OLD ENGLAND.

III.—PENAL SERVITUDE.

By B. Franklin, Junr.

I have shown in previous articles that the Act abolishing imprisonment for debt in these islands is a mere hypocritical farce; that over eleven thousand people were imprisoned for debt last year in Britain. I have also shown that the Bankruptcy Act of 1883 is the severest in Europe, that, in fact, it is the only Bankruptcy Act in the world in which the bankrupt, after being shamed and humiliated and stripped of all his belongings, is still, for a period of years, subjected to pains and penalties and liable to be plundered at any moment. It really looks as if the State tried to turn a bankrupt into a pauper or a criminal.

But if the English are the only people in Christendom who imprison men for debt and who treat bankrupts as ticket-of-leave criminals, it is still possible that the countrymen of Howard show their humanity in their treatment of graver criminals, of persons condemned to hard labour or to long terms of penal servitude. But even that hope is denied us; from the petty thief to the murderer, every criminal is treated more harshly in England than anywhere else in Christendom; in fact, the usual sentences given in England are spoken of with horror by all continental jurists, as they are by our American cousins. The only offences lightly regarded in England are offences against the person. You can knock a man or a woman down in England and kick him or her almost to death, and be sure of a vastly lighter punishment than would fall to your lot in France or Germany or Russia. As long as your assault, however brutal, however injurious, is carried out with the weapons nature has given you, you can be sure of the good-humoured tolerance of an English judge. But if you use a pen-knife, or a pistol, though the result of the assault be not a tenth part so injurious to your victim, you may rely on catching it hot. This solitary instance of lighter punishment can hardly be regarded as a proof of refinement or humanity.

The Recent Debate.

On Thursday, June 7, in the House of Commons, there was an interesting debate on the vote for the expenses of prisons. Mr. T. P. O'Connor said that "fifty years hence the prison system of to-day would be regarded with the same incredulity and horror with which we regard the state of things under which a man was sent to Tyburn for stealing a sheep," and after quoting various testimony to the effect that "penal servitude was one long hunger," he asserted that "to inflict constant hunger was not only torture but a disgrace to the Parliament that permitted it."

The attack was answered by Mr. Herbert Gladstone in the usual official way: "Mr. T. P. O'Connor had founded his observations on the evidence of one or two gentlemen" who all "had their experience under the old system of diet. . . . The old system, under which he agreed food was deficient, was altered in 1901," and since then everything is as it should be. "Under the present system," continued the Home Secretary, "only thirty per cent. of the prisoners lost weight; under the old system seventy-three per cent. lost weight." That is to say only one person in every three is starved in our prisons to-day; whereas seven out of ten used to be starved, and this is the result of which Mr. Herbert Gladstone is so proud!

A few years ago the *Daily Chronicle* published a series of interesting articles, showing that in Germany the cost of a prisoner's food was double what it was in England. Even now, under the new system so belauded by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, an English convict does not cost the State three-quarters as much to feed as a German convict. The German convict's diet is twice as liberal and much more varied and appetising, though the usual cost of living in Germany is hardly half what it is in England. There is matter for some thought in this simple fact.

I remember shuddering with horror when an unfortunate, who had been condemned to two years with hard labour, described his sufferings to me; he had been in a good position and was a man of refinement and sensibility.

A Prisoner's Testimony.

"At first," he said, "it was impossible to eat the food; it looked so bad and was served so horribly that I turned from it in disgust, preferring my own sad thoughts. So at the beginning I lost a meal or two, but when at length hunger forced me to eat, the food stilled the pain, it is true; but the after-result was appalling. I can only speak for myself, but with me the very first meals brought on diarrhœa, and this continued for weeks and weeks to the inevitable breakdown. . . . For weeks I was slowly starved; each day the gnawing of the hunger became worse; each day the powers of resistance diminished. I grew weaker; my nerves became more irritable, but there was no redress, no hope. . . I felt that any complaint would be regarded as a sort of crime; one had only to look into the warders' faces to see that to give them trouble would be to incur their enmity. Better suffer in peace, I said to myself, and I suffered, trying to think that the pain might dull the misery of my reproaching thoughts. But soon insomnia came to add its torture to the hunger-pain. I was so hungry at night that I couldn't sleep, and when I did sleep I only dreamt of food; food became an obsession to me by night and day. Oh, the degradation of it all; one was reduced to an appetite, a brute longing.

"Every day I got weaker, and I lived like a monomaniac with this one desire—for food. At last I could stand no more; I thought I was going mad, and I risked everything and sent for the doctor. It was at Wandsworth. When I told him that I was hungry he laughed at me. 'You are meant to be hungry, my man,' he said, and that was all the good his coming did me. I was ashamed to tell him that my brain was breaking down under the torture.

"At last came a Sunday morning; I went to chapel, feeling so weak that I could scarcely drag one foot after the other, scarcely able to hold myself up. I had lost nearly three stone in seven weeks. I felt nothing but the gnawing. I was light-headed, too, half-conscious—a brute with the one animal desire.

"As in a dream the service went on about me. Suddenly someone pulled me to my feet; it was time to stand up, and then I fell fainting, and blessed oblivion came to me.

"When I awoke it seemed like Paradise. I was in a bed with sheets on it, white sheets that were grateful to the touch; there was a window, and the sun was shining through it; it was open, and I heard the wind in the trees, and I was crying to myself with the weakness and the pleasure. Then they came to me and brought me something to eat—white bread—I was ravenous. I ate everything they gave me, and when they went away I was still hungry, fearfully hungry, and, at last, in spite of my weakness and the pain in my head—I found out afterwards that I had burst the drum of my ear when I fell in the chapel—I crawled out of bed and picked up the white crumbs from the floor and ate them. . . . I cannot think of that awful time, I dare not think of it."

Sir E. Ruggles-Brise and Reform.

Only thirty per cent. suffer the starvation now, says Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Why cannot we let Mr. Gladstone suffer it for three months; then he might talk differently.

Only one thing was worth saying in his whole speech, and that was the praise he gave to the present Commissioner of Prisons, Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise. I have no doubt whatever improvement has been made in the prisons in the last fifteen years has been due to Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise. I remember going to him and appealing to him in the case of the prisoner in whom I was interested, and I can never forget how sympathetically he heard me and how quickly he righted the wrong. But his kindness came too late then; the system had already secured its victim in the first three months. It is to strengthen the hands of Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise in banishing the cruelties of the system from the face of the earth that I write now.

But there are practical objections to torture which should surely weigh with a practical people. We have to-day a class known as "habitual criminals." We hardly attempt to reform or reclaim our convicts and so "once a criminal always a criminal" is becoming proverbial in Great Britain. But in the United States, where the idea not of punishing, but of reforming the criminal, is the dominant one, the "habitual criminal" is almost unknown. In Germany and in France, too, he is comparatively rare. In fact, the better the criminal is treated when in prison the less likely he is to be found there again. Treat him as a human being who has made a mistake; teach him a trade by which he can live as a man among men, and he goes back to civil life and plays his part as an ordinary citizen. The worse you treat him in prison the surer he is to return there. Nothing condemns the whole prison system in England so irrevocably as the "habitual criminal."

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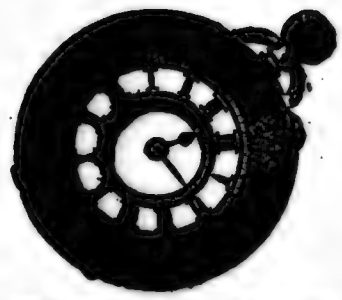

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A WORD FOR THE MONEY-LENDER.

By Fair Play.

At the present time, when almost everyone is cudgelling his brains how to make both ends meet, attention is naturally drawn to the "money-lender," and, in consequence of the great prejudice that has been created against this class of "financier," it has become fashionable to indite violent attacks upon him in general. Whilst we are free to admit that here, as in the church, and every other kind of business, there are black sheep who disgrace their calling, we are unable to join in the chorus of condemnation of the money-lender, *quâ* money-lender. The chief charge made against a money-lender is that he demands exorbitant interest.

"Exorbitant Interest."

Now what is exorbitant interest, charged on business done according to the usual conditions? The borrower is in sore straits for money; his valuable securities, if any, have been pledged with his bank or pawnbroker; from neither source can he obtain any further accommodation. Under these circumstances he goes to the money-lender, and finds him sitting in his office with sovereigns exposed for hire. He knows that each coin has cost the money-lender its face value, and he is thus able to estimate for himself the profit which he is asked to pay for the loan of a certain amount of sovereigns over a certain period. And, supposing the profit, so asked, works out at the rate of 100 or even 1,000 per cent. per annum, what of that? He is not compelled to borrow at all if the terms do not suit him, no more than he is compelled to pay an exorbitant price for anything. If he drinks a cup of tea at one of the numerous places of refreshment, he will pay, without a murmur, threepence for a cup of it. He does not, of course, stop to consider that the tea, milk, and sugar cost the proprietor less than a halfpenny, and that he is paying him a profit of 250 per cent. on his outlay.

A Profit of 2,628,000 per cent.

Take another case. You buy at auction an article for £20, and immediately it has been knocked down to you, one of the spectators offers you £10 on your bargain. You accept, and have in ten minutes made a profit which works out at the rate of 2,628,000 per cent. per annum. Remember also that you have not made a bad debt, as cash, on the nail, has been paid to you; but that the money-lender runs enormous risks of not getting paid at all.

We recently came across the following paragraph:—

> It is interesting to note that for a suit costing £3 12s. 6d., materials and making absorb £1 18s. 3d., leaving £1 14s. 3d. as the profit.

We have heard tailors called "sweaters," but usurers and extortioners, never. Evidently what is sauce for the tailor's goose is sauce sufficient to get up the public's gander against the money-lender.

The Harsh and Unconscionable Clause.

The public has altogether failed to comprehend the meaning of the "harsh and unconscionable" clause in the new Money-lenders Act. It is designed solely with a view to shield minors and other unsophisticated persons from being held to a bargain, the terms of which were not understood by them, for the law recognises—and quite rightly—that everyone has the right to place his own value upon whatever he owns, and that he who desires to possess it must pay the price demanded or do without it. If a scale of profit were fixed which the money-lender could not exceed, the same legislation would have to be effected regulating the profits to be charged by every business.

A Recent Case.

Here is a recent case. A young man (twenty-four years of age) who at twenty-five comes into a very large fortune borrowed £400 from a money-lender, repayable in two months. In exchange he gave a promissory note for £550. When it became due it was dishonoured. Renewed from time to time, finally a writ was issued, and at the trial the borrower pleaded that the transaction was "harsh and unconscionable," and should be revised under the Money-lenders Act. He did not think it necessary to give evidence, but instead sent a telegram to say that he was at Epsom with a house full of guests, and could not attend!

Money-lenders versus City Sharks.

Money-lenders who deal with business people in a business way fill a useful place in our body economic. They have been the means of saving from destruction many homes, and have enabled scores of unfortunate business men to tide over difficulties and regain their lost footing in the world.

WHY WASH?

By P.O'T.

Our fathers were, I am sure, many of them, most estimable people, but few of us realise how firmly they believed that cleanliness was almost a deadly sin. For instance, the pagan Romans were such clean people, delighting in baths and the care of the toilet, that Christian priests, when they came into power, thought cleanliness must be a heathen practice and a sign of very dangerous vanity. So they gave strict orders that no one should wash unless they could possibly help it, and monks were only allowed two baths a year, one at Christmas and another at Easter. This rule seems to have clung, at any rate, to convents, for even as late as the end of the 17th century, when a noble French lady who had retired to a cloister, expressed a wish one day to wash her feet, there was a perfect uproar. The Abbess remonstrated with her and, as she persisted, gave a decided refusal. However, somehow or other, she managed to obtain water, which she emptied into a box that stood in her room, in default of a bath. The box, alas, was not watertight, the water leaked out, and the secret too, for the dormitory was flooded and the whole convent scandalised.

In mediæval times, some of the rich were fairly clean in their habits, and a few adopted the Roman habit of taking baths before great banquets and passing straight from the bath-room to the dining-room. Most people could not afford baths of their own, or thought them an unnecessary piece of furniture. They used to hire baths for the day. A brass bath cost a shilling a day, but a wooden one could be got for sixpence. In the Castle of Genlis, there is a bath big enough to hold four people at once. In some French châteaux there were elaborately carved antique wooden baths, many of which have since been converted into easy chairs and other pieces of furniture. Louis XIV. has been accused of only taking one bath in his life, and it is said that when Madame de Montespan chaffed him about it, he presented her with his bath. As a matter of fact, he used to take quite a number of baths, and he was so much disgusted at the habits of his Court that he ordered them to wash occasionally. They very seldom washed their hands more than once a week, and used to content themselves with putting a little scent on their faces and hands. Marie Antoinette was fond of bathing, but she was very prudish about it, having been brought up in the strict Court of Vienna. She used always to wear a dress cut close up to her throat and with sleeves to the wrist every time she took a bath. Many ladies were not so particular, and used to receive visitors when in their bath, having the water first rendered opaque with milk or some essence poured in. We are fond of sneering at foreigners, and accusing them of never "tubbing," but we ourselves were really little better not so very many years ago. Old people will tell one how few baths were to be found in English houses, and the reason was because there was not much demand for them.

A TEARFUL JUDGE.

He was a rather curious judge,
Inclined to talk a deal of fudge,
And yet a judge you never saw
More eager to lay down the law.
"This case," says he, "is very clear—
A Tory is quite free
To treat the burgesses to beer,
A Liberal mayn't give tea",
And when the country shows surprise,
The bitter tear falls from his eyes.

READ THIS WARNING.

A Series of assertions are constantly being made in the interest of Internal remedies consisting of Salts of Iron, and alleged to be capable of growing hair, that External remedies are useless. These statements are not true, and are easily disproved by any Physician, Chemists, or even a Student entering upon his medical career. External Treatment for Hair Trouble is, and will remain, the sheet anchor of modern medical practice, and statements made to the contrary can only succeed in misleading the ignorant and unscientific.

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"Hair Grown on Heads which have been bald for years."—This is an extraordinary assertion. I have never made it upon my own responsibility, but I set it forward to your attention as being the main feature of hundreds of recommendatory letters which have reached me. I have culled a few such letters from my extensive files, and invite your perusal. **They are all genuine,** and open to fullest investigation, and were sent to me voluntarily. **I have omitted to print** the complete name and address in most instances for obvious reasons, but every letter can be shown and perused at my London office. **To every thinking person this unsolicited testimony must carry conviction.**

SOME REMARKABLE LETTERS.

FIRST BOX MADE HAIR GROW QUITE THICK.

Eastbourne.

Dear Sir,—Just a line in answer to your note to let you know why I've delayed in sending for the second box. I am pleased to be able to state that the first box has started the hair growing quite thick, so I thought it quite unnecessary to have any more, but have decided on second thoughts to have the rest of the treatment as agreed. I shall be very pleased to recommend your hair grower to anyone on any further occasion.

With best wishes for your business,

Yours truly, J. S.

HAIR GROWN THICKER AND STRONGER.

9, Hill Street, Middlesboro.

Sir,—Some months ago my hair began to fall out, nothing seemed to stop it until I used your preparation, thanks to it my hair has grown much thicker and longer. I enclose my photo. You may use this if you wish.

MISS M. BRIGGS.

BALD PATCH FOR 10 YEARS.

Redhill.

Sir,—I think it is only my duty to write and congratulate you on behalf of your hair grower. When I commenced to use it I had a bald patch on my head as large as a five shilling piece for ten years, and before I had finished one box the bald patch was completely covered with strong growing hair. I can confidently recommend it to anyone suffering from loss of hair.

Yours faithfully, J. H.

HAIR RAPIDLY COMING OFF IN PATCHES.

Fulham.

Dear Sir, Your letter to hand of last week. Please accept my apology for not writing before. I have much pleasure in stating that your preparation for the hair has proved very successful in my case. My hair was coming off in patches, and after applying your ointment it soon began to grow again, so that now nothing can be seen of the bald places; therefore, I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends. If you care to use this as a testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.—Yours truly,

F. C.

WAS QUITE BALD—NOW HAS A FINE HEAD OF HAIR.

Burton on Trent, 24th Nov.

Sir,—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit my daughter has received from the use of your hair growing preparation. Some two or three years ago it began to fall off rapidly, and in less than a month she was quite bald. I used five or six boxes of your preparation, and I am pleased to say that now she has as fine a head of hair as it is possible to have it ing nearly 2 ft. long, and very thick and curly. I have given a great deal of people your address, being constantly asked for it, and am recommending it whenever I can. You can make use of this letter if you wish to. Wishing you all success.

Yours gratefully, JOSEPH JEVONS.

QUITE BALD AT 17 YEARS.

8th May.

Dear Sir,—I feel it my duty to send you a testimonial for your splendid hair preparation. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to fall out in patches until I was quite bald. I used all kinds of so-called hair restorers, with no result. Then I was recommended to you, and I tried your compound. I have now a good growth of hair. I enclose photo of myself when my hair is five inches long. I have recommended you to several of my friends, and will continue to do so.

Yours respectfully, F. C.

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My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me I will send you a **LARGE TRIAL BOX** of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

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BULL'S-EYES.

REFLECTED FROM OUR OWN LANTERNS.

Reuter recently cabled from Natal that Colonel Mackenzie is "officially satisfied that Bambaata is dead." We *are* pleased. Colonel Mackenzie's satisfaction reminds us of the story told of a man who was asked of what complaint his mother-in-law had died. His answer was: "There was no complaint; everyone was satisfied."

The Gordon Hotels Company has inaugurated a system of old-age pensions for their barmaids. We trust this scheme will extend to railway sandwiches.

Sir Frederick Banbury had a walk-over as the City member. The Liberals decided not to make Banbury cross.

The latest bulletin from Whitechapel says that the tailors' strike is doing sew, sew, and that the masters have got the needle.

Russian Bonds have fallen to 1 discount. No wonder the Tsar feels ill. A sovereign under par!

From the "Woman's Exchange" column in the "Evening News":—

Can someone tell me the quickest way to get rid of vermin in a house?—"Constant Reader."

Certainly! Sell the house to the Chicago Beef Packers.

A Northampton gentleman has written to the papers to say that he recently found a tin-tack, and on another occasion a nail 1½ins. long, inside a pork-pie. *Pig-iron* evidently.

The thief who helped himself to some jewellery in a bedroom at the Langham Hotel by taking the key from underneath the door-mat, has explained in justification of his action that the mat had "Welcome" on it.

A French lady who is advertising in the "Daily Telegraph" that she cures cases of chronic gout daily between 5 p.m. and midnight, gives her address in Baker Street on the fifth floor, and asks her patients to "walk up."

"*Talk is work*, and what we are paid for," said a solicitor at Romford County Court last week. We now have the reason why certain Members of Parliament want to be paid.

Another study in contrasts: From the "Personal" column of Friday's "Daily Mirror":—

BRUTE, beast, I hate, loathe you. Go to your heavenly twins, etc.—INVICTA.

YOU DARLING! You!! I was dying. True, Loveliest message.—Awaiting PERMISSION.

We learn from the "Daily Express" that the Dresden Police have arrested a Roman Catholic priest for mutilating nude statues. This is a nudeparture in crimes.

Mrs. Humphry has taken pains to explain to the world in general that the summer season is being killed by the motor-car. The lady is in error. The summer season survives; it is those who venture out to enjoy it who are being killed.

Dr. Erenburg, a Swedish doctor, has discovered a process by which he can convert fresh milk into a powder soluble in water. Seeing that our dairymen already convert our milk into water, we fail to see why it should be made into a powder first.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has published a novel by Leonard Merrick entitled "Whispers About Women." Oh, those ladies' clubs!

"*Procure the 'Weekly Despatch'* and read all about American canned meat!" So runs an announcement of the forthcoming publication in our contemporary of "The Jungle." "*Secure* the *Happy Despatch* by eating American canned meat."

"*Pearson's Weekly*" is sending a man about the country who offers people money for any copies of that paper which they may be carrying. Such strenuous efforts to prevent people from reading the publication are doubtless to be commended.

This from the "Daily Express":

It was stated recently at a public hearing in Australia that £1,000,000 worth of rabbits were shipped to England every year; that the rabbit, as a commercial commodity, was "only in its infancy."

Well the one we dined off in a Soho restaurant the other day must have been in his "second childhood."

Mr. Crooks, M.P., on the Poplar inquiry:—

"After all, it will be something to be handed down to posterity as 'the man who fed the poor too well.' I was consoled yesterday by a person who reminded me that even Jesus Christ could not please everybody. I replied, 'No. He fed 5,000 people with five loaves and two fishes, thus saving a lot of money; and yet they crucified him.'"

The difference is that Mr. Crooks and his co-guardians fed *five* people on *five thousand* loaves and *two thousand* fishes.

Mr. Chamberlain had at least one consolation during his recent attack of gout. He discovered that every time he opened his mouth he was unable to put his foot in it.

What is the best thing to do when you think you hear burglars in the scullery or shrubbery? If you use a revolver you may incur a charge of manslaughter, if you have none you may be shot at sight. At this rate lonely houses will have to be connected by telephone with the police station.

How many marvellous new inventions by Edison have been adumbrated in the Press with trumpets also and shawms? How many have ever been heard of again?

"*The Tribune*" lately printed 22 lines of Spanish with 22 bad blunders. This has been followed up by a menu purporting to be in French. Among the most canine gems we notice "Fruites saumonée," "Poulardes glacé," "Melons glacé." "Consomme," "Canapes," "Gelees," "Petites glacé." This was appropriately followed by a notice of "Printers' Pie."

The resumption of diplomatic relations with Servia surely need not have been announced on the anniversary of the murders.

There was something cryptic about Mr. Asquith's remark that "he rubbed his eyes and wondered whether they were living in a world of hobgoblins and chimeras, or he himself" (*Tribune* report). Perhaps a suffragette will oblige.

"*Whenever I want political insight*," said Sir Gilbert Parker, "I go to Confucius." After so many fruitless visits he might as well stay there. Meanwhile, we understand his Confucian of mind.

A gentleman advertises in the *Morning Post* for a loan of £60, and says, "No lenders." He is probably quite right; but then, why advertise?

We read that King Victor Emmanuel's portrait was removed from the Council Chamber to Trepani, and a bust of Signor Nasti, who is charged with embezzlement, put into its place. Nice for Nasti! Evidently they are organizing a Steal Trust in Italy.

Dr. Oldfield's experiment in getting people to live on 4d. a day has succeeded. Perhaps he will now experiment in the direction of getting the fourpences.

The German Government has expelled 1,000 aliens employed in the tobacco industry, in order to make room for German workers. We might retaliate by expelling 1,000 German waiters.

It is stated that the programmes at His Majesty's Theatre on the first night of "The Newcomes," contained the following:—"Col. Newcome (by kind permission of the *Daily Mail*), Mr. Tree."

There has been trouble in the municipal dovecotes at York. The thrilling question has been Aye or Nay, Shall the Sheriff presume to walk behind the mace, alongside the Most High and Mighty Mr. Vernon Wragge, Lord Mayor? The question has been referred to Garter King of Arms, who says Nay. There will be no more trouble in York, therefore, however often the Corporation gets its Wragge out.

As usual, the Bachelor's Button has "come off."

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Want to Bet "S.P."

I am asked by many who patronise the half-crown ring at Sandown to name a matter which I am certain the Executive will appreciate. It is that although there is the largest attendance in this enclosure than any other silver ring throughout England, there is no telegraph office. Not everybody has the patience or time to wait in their turn for a boy to come and go to the rails for their messages.

Luck.

What a vast number of people bet upon coincidences, either the name of a relative, some particular person, date, or lucky chance. I think the "cake" was taken by a backer at Ascot, last year, who won a "packet" over Col. Hall Walker's horses, the sole reason being that the hansom in which he was driven to Waterloo had a sun-cloth of blue-and-white check, the colours which Sandboy and his other winners carried.

Will Warn Backers.

A case is pending in the Courts which will reveal the way in which—created and fostered by the present absurd English law—a man may launch "speculative" actions for libel, although a defaulter in different names at different addresses over a series of years. I cannot, of course, now give particulars, for it would merely mean another attempt at blackmail, for writs are so cheap, and arrangements with solicitors so easy. It will be my duty, however, to see that every such case is in due course very fully and universally reported.

Crack Sires.

Bill of Portland—affectionately termed "Bill" by his attendants—looks better now than prior to his exportation to Australia, and has certainly provided a case refuting the general belief of the inadvisability of re-importing horses from so far. Originally the very handsome black was sold by the International Horse Agency for the late Mr. R. H. Combe for 1,000 gs. to Mr. W. R. Wilson, and on the latter's death again came into the market, being repurchased—again through the same agency—for 4,900 gs. on behalf of Mr. J. B. Joel. Yet what a wondrously paying game owning a crack sire is is evidenced by the fact that immediately after his arrival and for the two following years Bill of Portland's list filled with forty subscribers at 100 gs. each. Bachelor's Button will make an even better "gilt-edged security" for brother "S. B."

Newcasse.

The sport of the week is undoubtedly that at Gosforth Park, a splendidly-managed meeting, and one to which any southern trainers who go once never like to miss. The magnificence of this demesne cannot be realised by those who have no idea what Gosforth Park really is, or what a huge good sporting if not Ascot-like crowd gathers there to see "the Plate" run for. It is an extraordinary improvement upon the old-time open Town Moor, for there cannot hardly be quite the same vast throng, seeing that religious meetings, the fun of the fair, and invariably, in the old days, a six days' bicycle contest, were then also associated with "race week." The disadvantage, of course, is the slight distance out of Newcastle, but there is a station fairly close to the course, while the majority go out awheel—and you can get "course ways" here, despite its being a good four miles, for a "bob"—a contrast to metropolitan prices. In the North a race meeting means special trains at immensely *reduced* rates. In the South usually the speed of the trains is minimised, the prices trebled.

Ascot doings certainly suggest reparation here for the unlucky handicap performers from the North—OUTBREAK in the "Pitman's Derby" and KING CHARLES, now fresh again, in the Gosforth Park Cup. So rarely do the Northern stables come South now that it is a pity the two Middleham coups with these horses both just missed—more especially as it was the "manipulating" Manton division who stood in the way.

Ascot.

Lucky in every concomitant, more especially that great essential, weather, it was a typical Ascot in everything—fashion, crush, charges, class of the competitors, and finally sensations—costly to the plunger, of which Ascot invariably has its own special species. A week in Tattersall's enclosure here, apart from trying to take in a bit of the society side on the lawn, and a smattering of paddock criticism of the gees, is enough to cause anyone to lose 7 lbs. in weight and to take a year off their lives. What a wearing period it really is for one and all, and yet how gladly we go, and how anxiously we shall anticipate the meeting next year! Would that the executive went a little more with the times and needs in regard to details. Primarily, some of the fees—especially those for cloak-rooms and the famine prices of victualling—will require revising. Then that obnoxious issue of numerous tickets adds endless trouble and unnecessary annoyance to people who pay exorbitant rates for admission. The Royal enclosure badge, which was particularly prominently displayed upon everybody this year, in accordance with the new stringent rules, sensibly passed its wearers everywhere. Why could there not be a somewhat similar plan for occupants of all the different enclosures? As it is, in moving from one ring to another, each person needs to take about four different tickets, pass-out checks, pass-

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in vouchers, and, worse than all, comes the outrageous rule compelling one to return by the very same exit whence they came. This, speaking broadly, is ridiculous, for anyone paying the high charges for the enclosure is surely entitled to go into it or out by any one of the many entrances. Yet if you happened to have passed out of Tattersall's by the course gate and thus into the paddock, you are at once a prisoner there should you desire to return after the horses have gone down to the post. I know of a case last week which was very important, of a well-known man having a commission to execute. The police had, under instructions, very rightly closed the paddock gate so as to allow no one on to the course. This was quite ten minutes before the race started. Thus the commission agent endeavoured to return to Tattersall's by the only alternative route, through the subterranean passage, but was refused entrance, his ticket only admitting by the one particular gate on the course, which, stultifying their own regulations, he was prevented from approaching. With certain details now being worked into something like twentieth century needs, it is to be hoped that before another Ascot comes round, common-sense ideas will prevail, and if we cannot get any executive to give a lead in England, we must be broad-minded enough to follow the example of the French or our colonists—or, in fact, any other race body—except those at home.

Retrosp:ct.

Going to press so much in advance of the publishing day places a writer in any weekly issue at a tremendous disadvantage. His "copy" must almost read stale if reverting to the past week, which has probably been discussed ad nauseam by others. Whilst if he endeavours to anticipate the future, so much may happen as to cause the expressions to be inaccurate, if not seem foolish. But it almost behoves one to say, even thus late, that Pretty Polly's defeat in the Ascot Gold Cup was a practical "national calamity." Was she quite herself, or, as the time suggests, is Bachelor's Button what he certainly looks to be—a really great horse?

A Pillar of the Turf.

In the eulogistic sympathy for Pretty Polly and her connections, totally inadequate praise has been given to the victory of the horse's very popular owner, Mr. "Sol" Joel, for his sportsmanlike action in challenging the presumably invincible mare. It enhances a remarkable theory that Bachelor's Button has never been beaten over the Ascot course. That he would now have won the Gold Vase for the third time is irrefutable, but Mr. Joel, although not claiming a "handle" to his name, is much less grasping and very much more a sportsman at heart than many of our patrician owners, who want to win every time and to go for everything that they can pick up, avoiding all possible risks of a beating. Yet Mr. S. B. Joel deliberately threw away the Gold Vase to add inexpressibly to the attractions of "Royal" Ascot by making a race of it for the Gold Cup. The owner of the distinctive pink and green stripes is, I am certain, a somewhat maligned man, not by those who know him, but by those who are childishly carried away by unfair racial or religious prejudices, or by the expressions of those who are clearly biassed. A good sportsman is a good sportsman, whatever his nationality, creed, or position. There is nothing easier than fulfilling that high character when one is born into a position which is a veritable open sesame in every sphere. The man who makes his own way can best realise the value of worldly men and matters. To show thorough grit when things are adverse is the acme of sporting instinct. It is the action of a gentleman, whatever his habiliment or appearance may be.

Sporting Cricket.

In the good cause I am reasonably entitled to claim exemption from egotism when calling attention to the annual cricket-match to be played at Kennington Oval next Monday. It is a real sporting game—in a worthy cause—between the leading jockeys (captained by M. Cannon) and a team of the present-day amateur champion athletes in every branch of sport, the entire proceeds being added to the benefit fund of Walter Lees, the famous Surrey cricketer, whose services to his county the club are rewarding. Be it racing, running, tennis, football, walking, boxing, or billiards, every devotee of athletics is appealed to—it is a game prolific with excitement and enthusiasm. The earnest efforts of the various cracks at all other sports to play cricket is provocative of continuous merriment and partisanship, and half the racing world will be there. The admission is but 6d. (stands 6d. and 1s. extra), ladies—accompanied, of course—being free. The bands of the King's Royal Rifles and Duke of York's School will be present, the latter being the vanguard of 400 boys from the institution who will witness the match through the kindly thought of the Prince of Wales, whose unexpected donation to me for the fund pays for the tickets, which have been sent in H.R.H.'s name.

The teams—probably thirteen aside—will be as under, each player being identified by wearing a number, whilst photographic groups of both teams can be obtained from Messrs. W. J. Bruce and Co., 35, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C. The cost is only 1s. the pair, and the money benefits the fund.

Jockeys.—M. Cannon (Captain), D. Maher, J. H. Martin, W. Griggs, K. Cannon, B. Dillon, H. Jones, W. Dollery, E. Matthews, T. Cannon, jun., G. Williamson, H. Woodland, and J. Woodman.

Amateur Champion Athletes.—J. W. Morton (100 yds. champion), Geo. Pearce (cross-country champion), A. Aldridge (long distance champion), G. E. Larner (walking champion), E. C. Breed (billiard champion), E. H. Miles (tennis champion), F. Parks (boxing champion), W. H. Dunnett (public schools champion), W. Bulteel (amateur champion jockey), V. J. Woodward (Association), C. H. Jupp (sprint champion), W. Lotinga ("Larry Lynx") (captain).

Umpires: Lord Cardross and Lord Villiers (or Mr. F. Kirkham).

No Monopoly.

Ascot invariably suggests Epsom, which is also Crown Land—held upon the most uncommon types of lease—so there is no other venue where so many individuals "run" stands and enclosures. The main grand stand belongs to the governing body of the meeting; adjacent to it is "Langland's" stand, the receipts of which benefit the very popular local estate agent and owner, from whom I have not ventured to ask the terms of his agreement with the ground landlord. On the right of the winning post is another more or less wood and canvas structure, "Barnard's Ring," so known for generations, and doubtless held upon some old title—otherwise why these divided interests, each being an opponent to the other for public custom—and at varying admission rates, according to the day and its racing importance. On the hill opposite, Cousin's Stands have figured all the twenty-one years that I can remember, and doubtless always will.

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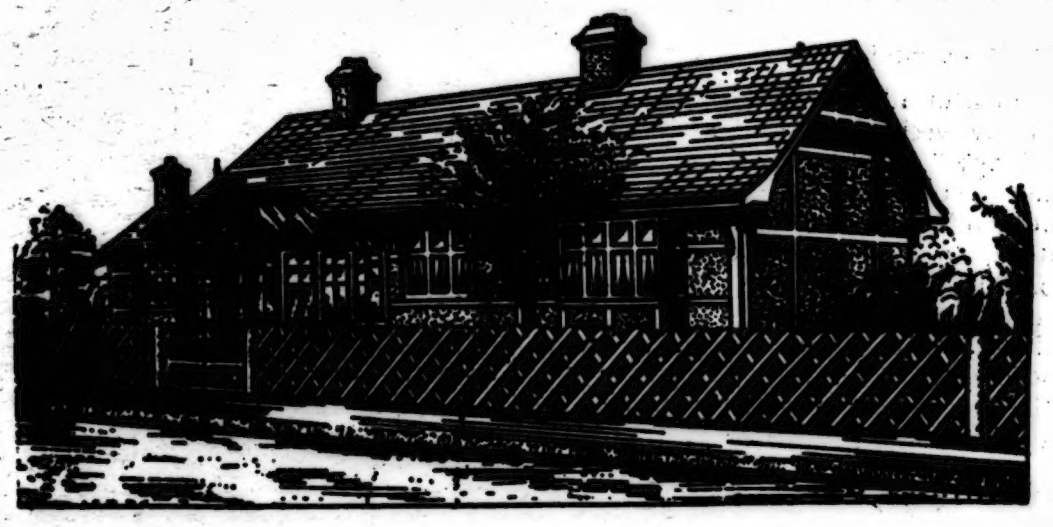

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Printed for the Proprietors by ODHAMS LIMITED, 19-24, Floral Street, Covent Garden, and 5, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C., and Published by J. H. YOUNG, 186, Fleet Street, London, E.C.